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THE HEROES IN GRAY



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THE
HEROES IN GRAY

BY
A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Stratton

Read this book, it will interest you and help a
blind man.

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LYNCHBURG, VA. :
GREGORY BROTHERS.
1894.

THE following resolution speaks for itself:

GARLAND-RODES CAMP CONFEDERATE VETERANS, }
Lynchburg, Virginia, July 21, 1894. }

At a regular meeting of the Camp, held this date, it being announced that our esteemed comrade, ROBERT B. STRATTON, of the Second Virginia Cavalry, had in manuscript his book, which he would soon give to the world, and the Camp having already, at a previous meeting, expressed its earnest desire to endorse and aid him in the publication and sale of his work, after a very high encomium had been pronounced upon Comrade STRATTON by General T. T. Munford, under whom he served, it was unanimously

Resolved, That this Camp heartily endorse Comrade ROBERT B. STRATTON as having been a good Confederate soldier—brave and true—and gladly recommend him and his book to the reading public.

Teste: TIPTON D. JENNINGS, Adjutant.

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PREFACE.

As the years roll swiftly by, the events recorded upon their receding tablets become more and more dim, and unless secured and perpetuated in type, will be lost in oblivion.

Twenty-nine years have elapsed since the "Conquered Banner," that peerless emblem of true liberty, unsullied by a single stain, and hallowed in the splendor of a hundred victories, was turtled forever.

Historians on both sides, and from different standpoints, will record the greater events of that mighty struggle, but to less aspiring hands must be confided the chronicles of the individual life of the soldier.

The camp, the bivouac, the battle-field, afford ample material for incidents—heroic, pathetic and humorous—which must not be left to tradition for perpetuation, but must be put upon record by the still living, though rapidly decreasing, actors in that great drama; so that our children's children may know what manner of men were their forefathers who gave life and fortune to the "Lost Cause."

As a contribution to this end, a blind Confederate soldier, who followed the fortunes of Lee to Appomattox, offers this production to the public—reminiscences relating to the war, founded on facts, many of them coming under the eye of the author. He returns thanks to the kind friends who have so kindly aided him in these reminiscences, and whose names will appear with their writings.

No reminiscence of a soldier who followed the Army of Northern Virginia is complete, unless the names of Lee, Jackson and Stuart are mentioned, and the author has culled from history a brief life of General Lee, the brilliant battles of Jackson and the splendid fights of Stuart.

This book will contain other contributions which will be of interest to many families of the South.

THE HEROES IN GRAY.

CHAPTER I.

Peace, Peace when there is no Peace.

"They have refused to protect us from invasion and insurrection by the Federal power, and the constitution denies to us in the Union the right either to raise fleets or armies for our defence. All of these charges I have proven by the record; and I put them before the civilized world, and demand the judgment of to-day, of to-morrow, of distant ages, and of heaven itself, upon the justice of these causes. I am content, whatever it be, to peril all in so noble, so holy a cause. We have appealed, time and time again, for these constitutional rights. You have refused them. We appeal again. *Restore us these rights as we had them, as your court adjudges them to be just* as our people have said they are; *redress these flagrant wrongs*, seen of all men, and *it will restore fraternity, and peace, and unity* to all of us. Refuse them, and what then? We shall then ask you, 'Let us depart in peace.' Refuse that, and you present us war. We accept it; and, inscribing upon our banners the glorious words, 'Liberty and Equality!' we will trust to the blood of the brave and the God of battles for security and tranquility."

I have quoted this extract from Senator Toombs' speech in 1861 to show what the South asked. Our Northern brethren said "War." The South said, "If nothing but war will do, we are not dismayed."

"Each looked to sun, and stream, and plane,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed."

Then sprang from field, work-shops, colleges, counting-rooms, and pulpits the noblest and best of the South, volunteering to defend their homes and altars, counting the great sacri-

fice as nothing. These, kind reader, made up that great army of "Heroes in Gray," which brought out the genius and made the names of Lee, Jackson, Pendleton, Sidney Johnson, Stuart and others known and honored in every civilized land on earth.

In reading Macauley, I find no army of his time marshalled to defend so sacred a cause; turning the pages of ancient history, the nearest approach to the "Heroes in Gray" is Sparta and her allies preparing to meet Xerxes and his millions of soldiers.

I copy from the *Virginian* of April, 1861, showing the great patriotism that was aroused in Lynchburg; and the same enthusiasm was felt in every town, city and county in the South:

DEPARTURE OF THE MILITARY.

"Yesterday was a day that will long be remembered in Lynchburg. It was one of those bright, health-invigorating days that come to us in the early spring-time, when the calm zephyrs are redolent of heaven, and the air is fragrant with the incense that ascends from bud and blossom. Nature, clothed in her holiday attire, seemed joyous to echo her Maker's praise. Very early in the morning the busy note of preparation was heard, and the streets were alive with the military hurrying to their respective armories. About 8 o'clock the Rifle Greys, Captain M. S. Langhorne, were drawn up in front of their armory on Main street; the Home Guard, Captain S. Garland, Jr., in front of theirs on Eighth street, and the Lynchburg Artillery, Captain H. G. Latham, were paraded at their armory on Clay street. The first two mustered about one hundred each, and the latter about eighty-five—some of the company not being in readiness. The companies then marched to their place of rendezvous on Church street, between Eighth and Tenth, where they were all formed into column under Colonel D. A. Langhorne, marching down Church street to Eleventh, and thence through Main to Bridge street, at the foot of which they halted and were addressed in a spirit-stirring manner by Rev. J. D. Mitchell, D. D. This patriotic divine said that he had two sons in the company—sons of a Charleston (S. C.) mother—and if he had fifty they should all

be freely given up to the service of their State in such a contest. He wanted them to show themselves men, and in the day of battle to put their trust in God, and never turn back from the foe. He alluded in strong terms to the war now being waged upon our cherished institutions—appointed by Heaven for the development and happiness of the thousands of the inferior race committed to the guardianship of the South—and felicitated himself that they would find brave and efficient defenders in the gallant young men who had taken up arms in vindication of our rights. Dr. Mitchell concluded by saying that he would accompany them, and he did. After a benediction was pronounced by Rev. William S. Hammond, the troops marched on to the place of embarkation, amidst the tears and gratulations of the thousands of fair women and brave men who had assembled to witness their departure. The scene was one of solemn, thrilling interest. Old men were there, parting with two and three sons, and some giving up their only son to their country, sending them away with their blessings and their prayers. As we looked upon the inspiring scene, and witnessed the tearful adieus of the men who were leaving behind them all the comforts and endearments of home in response to the call of their country, to endure the hardships of a soldier's life, we could but feel that Virginia is the same nursery of valor and patriotism that she was when the men who won immortal glory at King's Mountain were hurriedly drawn together to resist British regulars. We know that the gallant boys whom Lynchburg has sent to turn back the invader will do their whole duty. We expect to hear a good account of them for the display of all the qualities that go to make a true soldier—not a mercenary. Their noble bearing will command respect, and secure for them the proud distinction of being the flower of the army.

We greatly regret that we did not in time think of what occurred to us just as the troops were moving off. We want a list of the names of the men comprising each of the Companies, together with their ages, nativity and rank. If the captains will make the necessary inquiry through some of the subalterns so soon as all the members of their respective companies shall

be assembled, we will publish it with great pleasure, and it would not only be a subject of much interest to our citizens, but might be useful as a matter of record in the future. God bless the boys, and bring them all in safety to their homes again.

A LIST OF MEMBERS

of the Lynchburg Home Guard, who left Lynchburg on the 23d April, 1861, by order of the Governor of Virginia, and were mustered into the service of the State April 24th, 1861:

Samuel Garland Jr.,	Captain.
Kirkwood Otey,	First Lieutenant.
J. G. Meem,	Second Lieutenant.
S. M. Simpson,	Third Lieutenant.
J. L. Meem,	Orderly Sergeant.
W. J. H. Hawkins,	Third Sergeant.
William Sanford,	Color Sergeant.
B. L. Blackford,	Fifth Sergeant.
C. D. Hamner,	First Corporal.
K. Seabury,	Second Corporal.
John H. Smith,	Third Corporal.
Hugh Nelson,	Fourth Corporal.
Benjamin Blackford, M. D.,	Surgeon.

PRIVATES.

H. J. Abrahams,	Joseph Kreuttner,
R. H. T. Adams,	J. R. Kent,
E. A. Akers,	G. T. Lavinder,
James Armistead,	C. D. Langhorne,
R. F. Apperson,	M. M. Leckie,
John G. Anderson,	L. F. Lucado,
T. H. Ballowe,	G. R. Lyman,
C. F. Barnes,	James H. Lydick,
W. H. Blackford,	D. Lydick,
S. C. Booth,	Max L. Mayer,
J. B. Brugh,	C. McCorkle,
E. W. Burks,	A. H. Miller,
R. P. Button,	S. L. Moorman,
Samuel Burch,	L. C. Mosby,
Breck. Cabell,	C. A. Moseley,
P. H. Cabell,	W. S. Nelson,
S. Cabell,	A. W. Nowlin,
Wiley Campbell,	John Oglesby,
Robert Calhoun,	C. H. Page,
John Conley,	C. D. Percival,
C. V. Cosby,	R. C. Pierce,

J. J. Creed,	T. L. Preston,
John H. Cross,	S. D. Preston,
John Crumpacker,	L. P. Preston,
H. Dabney,	R. T. Peters,
C. DeWitt,	T. H. Simpson,
James Franklin, Jr.,	G. J. Salmons,
J. H. Franklin,	J. R. Sears,
William A. Ford,	G. W. Shelton,
Max Guggenheimer, Jr.,	W. B. Snead,
D. C. Guy,	C. S. Spencer,
John Goggin,	A. B. Stratton,
H. V. Harris,	John U. H. Sumpter,
Meade Harris,	W. H. Shaver,
S. M. Hawkins,	Charles W. Terry,
William Holland,	J. H. Thompson,
J. W. Ivey,	W. A. Toot,
J. H. Jennings,	Van Taliaferro,
T. D. Jennings, Jr.,	W. K. Trigg,
Minor Johnson,	Joseph Valentine,
R. G. H. Kean,	R. L. Waldron,
James F. Kinnier,	R. W. Watkins,
James O. Kinnier,	T. C. Walsh,
N. Kabler,	J. M. Wheeler,

William H. H. Woods.

102.

Lynchburg Rifle Greys left Lynchburg 23d of April, 1861.

M. S. Langhorne,	Captain.
G. W. Latham,	First Lieutenant.
Robert M. Mitchell, Jr.,	Second Lieutenant.
H. C. Chalmers,	Second Lieutenant.
Joseph A. Kennedy,	Sergeant.
Elcano Fisher,	Sergeant.
Henry D. Hall,	Sergeant.
Peter B. Akers,	Sergeant.
George T. Wightman,	Corporal.
Sam'l R. Miller,	Corporal.
Lucas Harvey,	Corporal.
James O. Thurman, Jr.,	Corporal.

PRIVATES.

William H. Allman,	John R. Mitchell.
William L. Akers,	T. Holcomb Mitchell,
James H. Bailey,	John J. Mitchell,
James W. Bailey,	William H. Mitchell,
Henry G. Benson,	William B. McCrary,

Leslie C. Brown,
 Henry C. Beckwith,
 James F. Ballard,
 George W. Bagby,
 Thomas F. Cheatham,
 Robert L. Cochran,
 Thomas Cooney,
 Albert G. Camp,
 James A. Crumpton,
 Joseph A. Crumpton,
 William E. Clenkenbeard,
 Thomas A. Conklen,
 Jerry M. Connolly,
 Frank Devine,
 Edward S. Diuguid,
 Thomas N. Davis,
 Joseph S. Delano,
 David Dady,
 William H. Evans,
 James M. Edwards,
 H. F. Elam,
 Frank H. Feyle,
 James W. Fulkens,
 Joseph M. Frances,
 William H. Furry,
 John F. Gooldy,
 Charles W. Henry,
 John L. Henry,
 Charles C. Harvey,
 John G. Hollins,
 James E. Hollins,
 L. G. Heybrook,
 William B. Hersman,
 William R. Hunt,
 Shelby Johnson,
 William B. Jones,
 Michael Kennedy,
 George W. Kidd,
 Robert F. Latham,
 Samuel Linkenhoker,

James L. Marks,
 William Milstead,
 C. P. H. McDivitt,
 Michael A. Norris,
 Otway B. Norvell,
 T. A. Omohundro,
 Thomas D. Porter,
 William Pendleton,
 N. Leslie Pree,
 Booker S. Parrish,
 Charles E. Pugh,
 John I. Peters,
 Edward P. Rueker,
 John R. Raine,
 Thomas D. Robertson,
 Charles W. Rainey,
 James B. Rogers,
 John J. Rock,
 Thomas S. Reeter,
 Robert F. Sims,
 George W. Sewell,
 Robert F. Stubbs,
 Phillip H. Stewart,
 John H. Slagle,
 David H. Slagle,
 Thomas C. Sholes,
 Stephen P. Stewart,
 Thomas S. Stabler,
 Joseph H. Shepherd,
 Charles H. Tyree,
 William H. Taylor,
 Powhatan Thurman,
 John H. Turner,
 Andrew Truxall,
 William D. R. Tyree,
 John R. Tyree,
 Rhoderick Taliaferro,
 William H. Torrence,
 Peter R. Wren,
 Thomas Warfield,

William H. Williamis.

Latham's Battery left Lynehurg 23d of April, 1861.

H. Grey Latham,
 George S. Davidson,
 William J. Folkes,

Captain.
 First Lieutenant.
 Second Lieutenant.

L. Clark Leftwich,
 Charles A. Taylor,
 Maurice L. Percival,
 George W. Apperson,
 James W. Dickerson,
 William P. Taliaferro,
 James B. Ley,
 Robert J. Rice,
 Thomas F. Richardson,
 Charles M. Perry,
 William H. Blackwell,
 Francis M. Davidson,
 George E. Kendall,
 Thomas H. Ross,
 Joseph L. Thompson,

Second Lieutenant.
 Orderly Sergeant.
 Second Sergeant.
 Third Sergeant.
 Fourth Sergeant.
 Fifth Sergeant.
 Sixth Sergeant.
 First Corporal.
 Second Corporal.
 Third Corporal.
 Fourth Corporal.
 Fifth Corporal.
 Sixth Corporal.
 Seventh Corporal.
 Eighth Corporal.

PRIVATES.

Andrew Allen,
 George W. Beby,
 William H. Bell,
 Matthew J. Coffee,
 C. O. Chenault,
 Robert H. Coleman,
 William A. Camden,
 Samuel H. Camden,
 John W. Cullen,
 Clifton S. Coleman,
 John G. Collins,
 William F. Cox,
 Thomas Conroy,
 James B. Creasy,
 Charles R. Day,
 James Dowdy,
 James D. Dillon,
 James Dean,
 Charles Dickel,
 Edwin T. Deaton,
 George T. Fox,
 Harman Friedhoff,
 Leon Fields,
 William A. Gilliam,
 Francis M. Godny,
 Thomas Graham,
 Cornelius B. Gilliam,
 James Gilliam,
 Thomas H. Goff,

William S. Moore,
 James McCannan,
 Annanias D. McCreary,
 Jacob Mason,
 James W. Mays,
 William H. Oliver,
 James B. Owens,
 William A. O'Brien,
 Benjamin Pendleton,
 Joseph M. Phelps,
 Thomas P. Phelps,
 John G. Perry,
 George Porfigett,
 James B. Phelps,
 William H. Patterson,
 John O. Pugh,
 George W. Powell,
 Edwin D. Pettit,
 John Raddy,
 Benjamin F. Reynolds,
 Eldridge P. Robertson,
 William A. Reed,
 Robert B. Ross,
 Charles L. Spencer,
 James Spencer,
 Silas Spencer,
 Albert G. Spencer,
 William A. Spencer,
 Isaac L. Shavers,

William H. Hines,
 Thomas N. Hughes,
 Lewis C. Hackworth,
 Daniel Hickey,
 Hughy Hughes,
 William King,
 Bryant Kelley,
 William S. Kinsey,
 John Kennedy,
 Daniel Lindsey,
 John A. Layne,
 Benjamin Lloyd,
 Samuel R. Lanikin,
 Thomas V. Marks,
 John W. Mason,
 William C. Mays,
 Jeremiah Moore,
 James McGruley,

Alex. McC. Sumpter,
 George W. Stanley,
 Neil Shannon,
 George W. Torgee,
 John A. Tibbs,
 Robert H. Taylor,
 Jacob Via,
 J. B. Varnum,
 Elijah H. Waldron,
 Robert T. Wicker,
 Charles N. Wyatt,
 Chambers L. Wright,
 William E. Wicker,
 Wm. W. Wooldridge,
 Gilliam R. Wright,
 Peter W. Wooldridge,
 James H. Brown,
 Daniel Gilliam,

Joseph Mays.

These are the names of the three Companies which were the first troops I saw leave for Richmond to report to the Governor of Virginia, on that memorable 23d of April, 1861. They were mustered into the service of the State, in Richmond, were among the first troops sent to Manassas, a nucleus around which was marshalled the great army which was known as "The Army of Northern Virginia," whose daring achievements and brilliant manœuvring astonished the civilized world.

It is said the cause is lost, and in one sense of the word it is true, but the principles which the "Heroes in Gray" fought and died to maintain, will stand as long as the stars shine.

The following is an extract from Rev. R. C. Cave's speech at the unveiling of the Sailors and Soldiers Monument at Richmond, Virginia:

"Virginia—mother of States and statesmen and warriors, who had given away an empire for the public good, whose pen had written the Declaration of Independence, whose sword had flashed in front of the American army in the war for independence, and whose wisdom and patriotism had been chiefly instrumental in giving the country the Constitution of

the Union—Virginia, foreseeing that her bosom would become the theatre of war with its attendant horrors, nobly chose to suffer rather than become an accomplice in the proposed outrage upon constitutional liberty. With a generosity and magnanimity of soul rarely equalled and never surpassed in the history of nations she placed herself in the path of the invader, practically saying: ‘Before you can touch the rights of my Southern sisters you must cut your way to them through my heart.’

* * * * *

“And the glory of that great struggle for constitutional liberty and home rule belongs not alone to those who wore the officer’s uniform and buckled on the sword, but as well to those who wore the coarser gray of the private and shouldered the musket. We do well to honor those who served in the ranks and faithfully and fearlessly performed the duties of the common soldier and sailor. It was their valor and worth, no less than the courage and genius of the officers who led them, that won for the battle-flag of the South a fame which—

“ —on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages.’

“In intelligence and thought they were, from training and associations, far above the average soldiery of the world. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the illiteracy of the South, I believe that no country ever had a larger percentage of intelligent and thinking men in the ranks of its army. Thousands of them were highly educated, cultured, refined, and in every way qualified to command.

“And I believe that no army was ever composed of men more thoroughly imbued with moral principle. As a rule, they were men who recognized the obligation to be just and honest and merciful, and to respect the rights of others, even in time of war. Never flinching from conflict with armed foemen, their moral training and disposition forbade them to make war upon the weak and defenceless. To their everlasting honor stands the fact that in their march through the

enemy's country they left behind them no fields wantonly laid waste, no families cruelly robbed of subsistence; no homes ruthlessly violated. (Applause.) 'In no case,' says an English writer, 'had the Pennsylvanians to complain of personal injury, or even discourtesy, at the hands of those whose homes they had burned, whose families they had insulted, robbed, and tormented.' "



CHAPTER II.

LEE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY C. J. M. JORDAN.

One day in all the distant past
Inspires my grateful rhyme,
One day that lights with touch of gold
The calendar of time

That day whose coming lit the way
Of darker days to be,
And gave to us and to the world
Our Robert Edward Lee.

No pomp or heraldic display
Its glory then proclaimed ;
Not by the mouth of Prophecy
Was that day ever named.

It came and went as come and go
Full many brief, bright days,
Yet millions hailing it now lift
Their hearts to prayer and praise.

The Christmas Festival had passed ;
And o'er the earth again
Was echoed forth the message sweet
Of "peace, good will to men,"

When on Virginia, Queen of States,
The New Year kindly smiled,
And to her fond, maternal arms
Was born another child.

A boy who grew in comeliness,
And graceful stature grand,
Until his praise in every mouth
Was sounded through the land.

A child in whose blue veins there flowed
The blood of Cavaliers,
And whom Heaven destined to become
Peerless among his peers.

To love of truth and honor reared,
To valor proudly trained ;
What wonder all false ways he spurned,
All doubtful ends disdained.

Virginian to his great heart's core,
Virginian brave and true,
What other course could mark his aim
Than that he would pursue ?

When hurled the thunderbolts of War
Above her stately head,
And she, our ancient mother, stood
Mid lurid lightnings red ;

When wounded justice plead in vain
And right was all denied,
And dangers thickened round her, he
Sprang nobly to her side.

And when to battle and to death
The South's brave legions sped,
His hand upheld her banner, he
Her gallant armies lead.

Yea more, when sickness paralysed
His veterans searred and sore,
And famine, pale and hollow, showed
Her gaunt face at his door ;

When troubled grew his Lion heart
For those he loved so well,
And failure and disaster dark
A nation's hopes befell,

How did his soul from out the fires
Come forth immaeulate,
While the Soldier in the Christian
Rose above the storms of fate.

No prouder record e'er was made,
And high approving Heaven
No grander claim to endless fame
To mortal man has given.

Our echildren shall proclaim it through
The ages yet to be,
That stainless was the escutcheon
Of our immortal Lee.

That side by side with Washington
(No greater rebel) he
Stands on the Roll of Honor in
Our Country's history.

God bless the day that gave him
To Virginia as a son ;
God bless the soil that made him
Brother to Washington.

God bless the lips that praise him,
The eyes that love to see
The light of fame that gilds the name
Of Robert Edward Lee.

Lynchburg, Va.

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL LEE.

"Papa," says Girley, as she lays aside her history, "what is the meaning of civil war?"

"It means a war between people who live in the same country."

"Were you in the civil war?"

"Yes; and if you children will give me your attention I will tell you about one of the great characters of that civil war."

Instantly every eye is turned in my direction, and I begin:

"Once upon a time there was an old man who was very rich. He was never married and had no near relatives, but when he was a young man he had taken a boy into his employment and had always acted as a father to him.

"When he began to grow feeble, this boy, who by this time had become a man, came to him and tenderly cared for him.

"Distant relatives seeing that the 'days of the old man's departure were drawing nigh,' and fearing that his great riches wouldn't fall into their hands, began to say that his mind was becoming impaired by age, and that his estate should be put in the hands of a commission. However, the old gentleman's mind was as active as ever, and he employed the very best counsel at the bar to defeat their plans and to write his will bequeathing the bulk of his property to the man who had cared for him.

"Soon the old man died; the relatives challenged the will, but it availed then nothing. The one who wrote it knew what he was doing, and the will went to record.

"Then the lawyer sent in his bill for a fee of one thousand dollars against the estate, and the heir disputed it. It was carried up to court and able counsel was procured to defend the lawyer. It was my pleasure to be present and hear the speech

of one of the counsel. It was simple, pure and telling in every word.

“The speaker said the fee was but a moderate one, as the estate was very large, and no earthly court could break the will, and the writing of that will showed to his mind clearly what a man could do who knew his profession. He illustrated his position by the following narrative :

“‘Nature was about to change the channel of the great river on which St. Louis is situated, and all the engineering talent of that great city was called into requisition and proved unavailing.

“‘Citizens were excited, and great fear was entertained that St. Louis would be left an inland city. The city council determined to apply to the Government for assistance to see if anything could be done. The application was at once answered by there being sent to their aid the great engineer, then Captain Robert E. Lee, and he, high up in his profession, saw at a glance what was needed and gave the proper directions. The city was saved, and stands to-day a monument to his greatness.’

“Now, my children, whatever profession in life you choose, aim high, and try to get to the topmost round of that profession.

“Robert Edward Lee was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, in 1807.

“When he was only eleven years old his father’s health became very bad, so that he had to go to the West Indies in search of relief. His mother was a confirmed invalid; one of his brothers was at Harvard, the other was in the navy; one of his sisters was so delicate that she had to be away from home a great deal, while the other was too young to be of much use at home; so Robert had a great many household affairs to look after.

“His father soon died, and though he could number so few summers the boy was old beyond his years. Very few boys would have been able to have accepted the responsibilities and performed the duties which he did, but his unusual thoughtfulness, sense of filial obligation and great love for his parents helped him.

“We do not know much about his early life, but what we do know is highly creditable. His character at this time can be summed up in a passage of a letter which his father wrote from the West Indies: ‘Robert, who was always good, will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother.’

“It is undoubtedly true that the lessons of his wise and loving mother had a great deal to do with the formation of the noble character which her son afterwards displayed. One of her principal lessons was to ‘practice self-denial and self-control, as well as the strictest economy in all financial concerns,’ and this lesson was well remembered and bore ample fruit in the after years.

“As we have already told you, Robert had a great many domestic duties, among which were the marketing, managing outdoor affairs and looking after his mother’s horses. He was indeed his mother’s ‘little man,’ and with a wisdom very rare in a boy of his age.

“His great love for his mother was shown in the pathetic and earnest care he would take of her. Instead of frolicking like other school-boys, he would come home as fast as possible from school in order to make sure that his mother took her daily drive. He would carry her to the carriage, tenderly arrange the cushions, and try to entertain her, telling her if she wasn’t cheerful the drive would do her no good.

“One of his friends tells an incident which shows to what a high moral sense he reached in early life and what a powerful influence it exerted on those he met. About this time Virginia was very much as it had been during the eighteenth century, and one vacation Robert was an invited guest in a house where these rollicking customs were kept up. The host was a very fascinating man, and though he couldn’t be called dissipated, yet the way he lived shocked Robert’s stern sense of morality. Of course the visitor made no comment on what he saw, but the gentleman of the house saw that he didn’t approve, and this unuttered rebuke was more effectual than any words could have been. His host came to him the night before he was to leave and, in touching words, tried to excuse

his dissipation, He gave as his reason for habits he could not defend his great sorrow for the loss of those dearest to him, and he gave his young guest a solemn warning not to fall into similar habits. He told the boy to keep on in his praiseworthy course, and he promised that he himself would try to reform, if only that he might be worthy the respect and affection of one of so noble a character."

Here I took up General Long's "Life of Lee," and read the following. The beginning of the passage is a part of a letter written to Mrs. Lee by a cousin of General Lee:

"I know your dead husband was most anxious to go to West Point, both to relieve his mother and to have a military education. Your aunt Lewis interested herself very much in obtaining his commission, and took him to Washington and introduced him to General Jackson. He was so much pleased with our beloved Robert that he got him his appointment."

"In 1825, when he was eighteen years of age, he entered West Point as a cadet. Concerning his life while in this institution we have little information. It was undoubtedly that of an earnest and diligent student, too absorbed in his studies to have many social relaxations or to indulge in any of those truant escapades which are apt to form the telling events in school-boy life. In respect to his standing at this institution interesting information is volunteered by Colonel Macomb, U. S. A., who entered the Military Academy in 1828, the year before Lee's graduation. He found that Cadet Robert E. Lee was then the prominent figure in the corps of cadets, being adjutant of battalion. Yet the formality which has always existed between 'plebs' and older classes permitted only admiration at a distance, and this admiration only ripened into intimate acquaintanceship five years afterward when the two young men met in Washington.

"In the year 1829, at the completion of his four years' course, he graduated, bearing off the second highest honors of the institution. During his whole course he had never received a demerit mark for any breach of rules or neglect of duty. He was highly esteemed by his comrades, and was noted for studious habits and commendable conduct. He avoided

tobacco and intoxicating liquors, used no profane or immoral language, and throughout his whole student-life performed no act which his pious mother could not have fully approved.

"Throughout his whole life, indeed, he never used tobacco, and, though in rare cases he would drink a glass of wine, he strictly avoided whiskey or brandy, and did his utmost to favor temperance in others. The intemperate habits of many of the persons under his command were always a source of pain to him, and several anecdotes are told of his quiet manner of administering reproof to young men who had over-indulged in strong liquor. Indeed, on more than one occasion he refused to promote officers addicted to intoxication, saying: 'I cannot consent to place in the control of others one who cannot control himself.'

"Immediately after his graduation he received the appointment of second lieutenant of Engineers of the army of the United States, and was employed for several years thereafter on the seacoast defences in engineering duty.

"A year or two after graduating he married the rich Miss Custis, of Virginia.

"Next we see him passing through the Mexican War, gaining fresh laurels for his country and himself.

"A few years after this war was over he was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel of the famous Second Regiment, United States Cavalry.

"Trouble between the States seemed to be brewing, and it seemed as if nothing could settle the difficulty. Colonel Lee was out on the frontier with his regiment, and saw the dark and bloody cloud that appeared to be threatening. It made his heart sad. He knew what war was, and he prayed and hoped that some solution of the trouble could be reached.

"Here was a Union he loved, the flag that he had fought under, and done so much to make grand and glorious. If war must come it would be hard for him to sever his connection with the service in which he had served so long.

"It was finally decided that nothing could be done. State after State seceded from the Union, and Colonel Lee came on to Washington. As yet Virginia, his own State, held on to

the Union; but when at length war was declared, Virginia, too, seceded, and wheeled into line with her Southern sisters. And now, my dear children, Colonel Lee had a temptation set before him that never before was mortal called upon to resist. There before him lay the beautiful estate of Arlington, near Washington, 'a land,' you might say, 'flowing with milk and honey,' with his other estates in Virginia; and there was his old friend, the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, asking him to stay with the army, that the highest position in the whole country should be his; but true to the blood of the Lees and the Carters that flowed in his veins, he said: "No, I'll never draw my sword against my own native State, Virginia.' Show me a boy that loves the country and State in which he was born, and I'll show you one that will always be true in whatever position he is placed.

"When Colonel Lee made that decision he knew the sacrifice he was making, but he counted it as nothing in the path of duty. He resigned his position, came to Virginia, offered his sword, and it was accepted.

"The next we hear of him he is organizing the army of the Confederate States.

"Richmond, in Virginia, became the capital of the Confederacy, as the Southern Union was called. The Union army, which was the old army concentrated around Washington, made all its aim towards Richmond to destroy it. General Lee was called to take command of the army around Richmond in 1862, and for seven days such fighting as the world never knew drove the Northern army away from the Confederate Capital, and made his name immortal, and then he became that star which every Southern heart looked to.

"The Union army would fall back, reinforce itself and be more powerful than ever, and then come in on some other line. General Lee would meet them, and send them shivering back.

"As at Richmond, so at Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, through the Wilderness, around Petersburg, with an army starving and depleting all the time, yet with a heroism so grand that it has made the name 'Southern soldier' honored in every land.

“While he was encamped around Richmond he heard that his old friend and pastor, Bishop Meade, was very sick. He went to see him twice, and the first time couldn’t see him, but the second time the Bishop heard that it was General Lee, and insisted upon seeing him, if only for a few minutes; so the General went in. He was very much affected as he walked to the bedside, took the dying man’s hand, and asked how he felt.

“The answer was given in a scarcely audible voice: ‘Almost gone, but I wanted to see you once more.’ Then, after a short pause, he added: ‘God bless you! God bless you, Robert! and fit you for your high and responsible duties. I can’t call you ‘General’—I must call you ‘Robert;’ I have heard you your catechism too often.’

“The tears ran down General Lee’s cheeks as he pressed the hand he held and replied: ‘Yes, Bishop—very often.’

“After this the Bishop asked about the various members of General Lee’s family, about the condition of public affairs, and of the army, and showed a lively interest in the success of our Southern cause.

“The Bishop was too weak for the conversation to be further prolonged, so General Lee had to leave. The last words the good old man uttered during the interview were: ‘Heaven bless you! Heaven bless you! and give you wisdom for your important and arduous duties.’

“The next day Bishop Meade died.

“The Northern army had the whole world to draw on, and was constantly increasing, while the Confederate army was shut up in a little corner. At last, from hunger, starvation, and death, the Southern army had to surrender. Now, let me read you General Lee’s last order to his army when he bade them farewell:

“‘HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
April 10, 1865. }’

“‘After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

“‘I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no dis-

trust of them ; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

“ ‘By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged.

“ ‘You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed ; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.

“ ‘With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, General.’ ”

“ ‘Papa, did you ever see General Lee ? ’ ” was the question put by my little girl, and this was my answer :

“ ‘Yes, once about a minute. It was at a grand cavalry review on the plains at Culpeper. He was on his horse, ‘Traveller.’ By his side was General Stuart, of the cavalry, and as the squadrons passed in review before them the orders of the squadron I was in were ‘Eyes front,’ but I stole a peep and saw him for the only time in my life, but that peep stamped on my heart the lineaments of the man whom I regard as second to none who ever trod the earth since Joshua.

“ ‘After the army had surrendered Lee turned his steps homeward. An hundred letters came to him from every source, some inviting him to go and make his home in England, where he should be cared for, but his reply was : ‘No, I’ll stay with the people who have loved me and whom I love.’

“ ‘Great corporations asked for his name and influence, with large salaries, all which offers he put aside, saying : ‘Together we’ll try and build our ruined homes again.’

“ ‘The faculty of Washington College met, offered him the presidency, and he accepted. Here he knew that he could meet with the young men of the South, and from this place could send out an influence for good that would be felt all over the land.

“ ‘At this college his last days were spent, and his remains are buried under the chapel which he erected, and Valentine’s celebrated recumbent statue shows the visitor where the world’s famous warrior and Christian lies.

“Some will say, ‘Why did God permit so pure a man to meet with defeat?’

“In every generation God raises up some man to show to coming generations how good and great humanity can become, and always be faithful to duty, relying alone upon ‘Him who doeth all things well!’ This was why he raised up General Robert E. Lee.

“ ‘Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.’ ”



CHAPTER IV.

CHEERED "MARSE BOB."

"General Robert E. Lee once told me of an ovation he received that touched him more than any demonstration ever made in his honor," said the venerable Judge White, of Virginia, to a *Post* man at the National. "Following closely on the surrender of the Southern army, the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederacy went to pass a season at the home of his particular friend, E. R. Coker, who last November ran as the Populist candidate for Governor against Colonel O'Ferrall. After a few weeks of the most hospitable and elegant entertainment, General Lee was called to the presidency of Washington and Lee University. Bidding his kind friends adieu, he started for Lexington on horseback and alone. He had gone some miles and was passing through a rather dreary stretch of wooded country, when he espied a plain old countryman, mounted on a sorry nag, coming towards him. As they passed each other both bowed, as is the case when strangers meet on the highway, but the man in the homespun stared hard at the soldierly figure, as though not quite certain of recognition. He went his way a little further, then turning his horse around, cantered back and soon came up with the General again.

" 'I beg pardon, sir, but is not this General Robert Lee?'

" 'Yes, I am General Lee; did I ever meet you before, my friend?'

"Then the old Confederate grasped the chieftan's hand, and with the tears streaming down his face, said: 'General Lee, do you mind if I cheer you?' The General assured him that he didn't mind, and there, on that lonesome, pine-bordered highway, with no one else in sight, the old rebel veteran with swinging hat lifted up his voice in three ringing rounds of

hurrahs for the man that the Southland idolized. Then both went their way without another word being spoken.

“As my mind recalls the persons and events of those years in which the Confederacy struggled for life, there rises before me the majestic figure of the great Southern chief—the peerless soldier and the stainless gentleman; the soldier who was cool, calm, and self-possessed in the presence of every danger, and who, with marvelous foresight and skill, planned masterly campaigns, directed the march of war, ruled the storm of battle, and guided his men to victory on many a well-fought field; the gentleman who was as pure as a falling snow-flake, as gentle as an evening zephyr, as tender as the smile of a flower, and as patient as the rock-ribbed mountain. I need not name him, for his name is written in ever-enduring letters on the heart of the South, and honored throughout the civilized world.”



CHAPTER V.

**A FRIENDSHIP BORN IN THE TIME THAT TRIED
MEN'S SOULS.**

A few weeks before General Grant started on his bloody march from Culpeper to Petersburg in 1864, the writer was passing down the Plank Road from Orange C. H. to his command at Fredericksburg. The rude hand of war had made that country a desert waste.

As far as the eye could penetrate on the eastern horizon, an object could be seen, and from the small mound on his back it seemed to be a camel. After some minutes riding he overtook the object that had attracted his attention, and it proved to be a stubborn cavalry horse that had taken the bit in his mouth and gone to camp in the creek. Upon his back a ruddy faced boy was seated; perspiration streaming down his face, with a whip grasped tightly in his hand descending regularly on the animal, to which he replied with a shake of the tail, as much as to say, "Shoo fly, don't bother me." The look of heroic determination "to conquer or die" on the boy's face called to mind the lines describing the hero of our school-days:

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled," etc.

The sympathy of my soldier-heart went out to him, for that was a time when "a friend in need was a friend indeed."

"Say, my young friend, 'whence comest thou, and whither goest thou?' Is it a fact that my country has become so hard up for soldiers that the cradle must surrender its dearest ones?" He replied: "No, sir, I am from Lynchburg, Virginia, on my way to General Lee's headquarters, with a horse for my uncle." Extracating him from his watery camp, I bade him farewell, and he started on his way as the sun was gliding behind the western hills.

A friendship commenced at that place and time that has been sweet and helpful. Boy as he was then, man as he is now, every day has been spent in trying to make the world better, and to draw men Heavenward. There is no nobler soul living than Colonel James B. Gregory—the Hero in Gray of this sketch.

CHAPTER VI.

SKETCH OF GENERAL TURNER ASHBY.

The first time I saw General Turner Ashby was at Bunker Hill, near Winchester. That day he received his commission as Brigadier-General. I saw him from that day in all his fights up the Valley, to the day of his death, when he fell dead at the head of an infantry regiment which he was leading in a charge, in support of the Second Virginia Cavalry.

I copy from an old magazine a few pages, written by Rev. James B. Avirett, which is a very interesting account of this great cavalier. Had Ashby lived, his name would have ranked with Stuart as a great cavalry leader. In the Valley Campaign he was to General Jackson what Stuart was to General Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia:

“LIFE OF GENERAL TURNER ASHBY.

“We have received some of the advance sheets of a life of General Ashby, by Rev. James B. Avirett, chaplain of Ashby’s cavalry. From the following extracts from the forthcoming volume, we judge the work to possess unquestionable merit:

“General Ashby was of medium stature, about five feet eight inches in height, usually weighed about one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and had not an ounce of surplus flesh. For one of his size, he was very strong and muscular, and as active and agile as an Indian hunter, to whom, indeed, he was not unlike in other respects, for the members of his military family will long remember his solitary figure sitting in moody silence beside the smouldering camp fire, watching its dying embers, whilst his restless brain was busy with the memories of his own past, or his country’s future. He had a deep-set, rich, dark brown eye, full of expression and, at times, of tenderness. His mouth, as much as you could see of it for his superb beard, was indicative of great firmness and decision, but when he smiled, you saw at once that he was not a stranger to gen-

tleness. A brother officer once remarked that his smile was rather that of a woman than of a man. His beard, as has been observed, was really superb, very black, and worn usually long; so long, indeed, that when his horse was in rapid motion, the beard of the rider and mane of the steed actually mingled, so that the poet's allusion to this fact was no poetic license when he said, apostrophising this lamented cavalier:

“ ‘The mane upon thy charger's creast,
The raven beard upon thy breast,
No more shall mingle lock with lock,
Like streamers in the battle shock.’

“ ‘Yes! one must have seen him mounted upon his superb charger to have been fully impressed with what he was, and what he could do. Ashby, represented at the head of the column in a charge, raising himself in his stirrups, waving his sabre, leading his men on to victory, ringing out his well-known battle cry: ‘Follow me!—follow me!’—would make a coat of arms more acceptable to the people of Virginia than any other save that which he loved far above all other heraldry: ‘*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*’ For whatever he may have been—whatever he may not have been—this he was, and in the full sense in which *he* understood the term—a Virginian. Sheridan (not P. H., Jr., but Richard Brinsley) once said:

“ ‘Too late I staid, forgive the crime,
Unheeded passed the hours;
For noiseless falls the foot of Time,
Which only treads on flowers.’

“ ‘The writer loves to dwell upon the character of Ashby. To him it will be life-long pleasure to have known him intimately and in private; for not every man whom the world calls great can afford an intimate knowledge of his inner life. Not so was it with Ashby. But time, near at hand, bore him rapidly along to other scenes than those of either holiday parade or mimic battle, and we must follow him. Destiny beckoned him onward, and we must see whither and how.’

* * * * *

“The fall of 1859 found the subject of this memoir, then simply Turner Ashby, (citizen,) in the enjoyment of his quiet mountain home, little dreaming that, before the snows of the

approaching winter would yield to the warmth of a vernal sun, the mists which veiled his future would gradually rise, and he would have a partial view of what lay before him. But his character was formed; his constitution was vigorous, the result of habitual exercise in the open air, and his love for manly sports—about thirty-one years of age—in the very prime of manhood, we can say that he was ready for his future.

“The people of the Shenandoah Valley, that beautiful section of Virginia, her pride and her boast, and the admiration of the Western Continent, were in the full enjoyment of their bright and bracing autumnal days. The whole valley, from tragic Harper’s Ferry to quiet Salem, lay a very Eden in its loveliness. The fields were standing thick with shocks of corn, or were dotted with herds of sleek cattle and flocks of quiet sheep. Mountains, whose ravines have since thrown back the sounds of murderous cannon with their wide-mouthed echoes, were gorgeous with their masses of foliage just tipped by the early frost. Her beautiful homes, the abodes of hospitality and good cheer, were filled with joyous and happy inmates, not with maidens or matrons prematurely old, wearing the weeds of a people’s sorrow. A great sorrow had not then overclouded this stadium of glory; but they who were so soon to sweep along it in the lurid light of battle, were now happy in the enjoyment of the greatest of civil blessings, honorable *peace*. Her people, primitive and simple in their tastes, had learned, long before, the primary duty of good citizenship, obedience to law and rightfully-constituted authority. Education, as the hand-maiden of religion, was rapidly doing its work of social and moral elevation. Industry and art were gladly contributing their quota of happiness; and, in fine, the whole valley was eminently peaceful and contented. And the pictures of peaceful repose here drawn, as seen in the Shenandoah Valley, were multiplied as you cast your eyes over any portion of the magnificent domain of the South, whether your view embraced the Valley of the Guyandotte, or those in which the sons of Kentucky were busied with industrial care. Peace, profound peace, reigned over this happy land, when, unheralded, save by the slogan of a vindictive and jealous

fanaticism, ruling in the halls of Congress, and caught up and re-echoed in Faneuil Hall, about half-past ten o'clock, Sunday night, 17th October, 1859, John Brown crossed the Potomac river at Harper's Ferry into this untroubled paradise."

* * * * *

"Prior to, and, indeed, up to the magnetic thrill of horrors produced by the Coercion Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, of 17th of April, 1861, the people of Virginia were looking eagerly to the Convention at Richmond, then occupied in discussing the propriety of the State's secession. After that fearful moment of American history, the gaze of Ashby was turned away from civil councils, and took in the camp-fires of a bloody revolution. He knew that a people taught from their infancy to cherish their ancestral pride and love of liberty, would not tamely submit to the coercion now imminent, but would appeal to the Supreme Disposer of all things, and endeavor, by this help, to hew out for themselves an honorable place, not among the Federal provinces, but among the nations of the earth. As long as there was any hope of preserving the Compact of States, even after his dear old mother had gone so far along the path of love for the Union as to bring upon her children the names of 'laggards on the march, and sluggards in the storm,' she was not deserted by the Union-loving Ashby; but as soon as the edict of coercion had gone forth, the cavalier, loving liberty more, found his heart estranged from everything which attached him to the Union, and his conscience freed him from every obligation to remain with his kith and kin. George Washington, the rebel chieftain of the ragged, barefooted men who, in the first Revolution, left their foot-prints tinged with blood upon the snowy fields of Valley Forge, and deeply impressed their deeds upon the memory of the world, did not willingly dis sever the relations which bound him, as a law-abiding subject, to the sovereignty of Great Britain. It was the Stamp Act, extra Constitutional, which called forth from Patrick Henry that powerful speech which moved to action the startled members of the Colonial Legislature. A greater wrong here—an attempt to bend the necks of sovereigns to the slavish yoke of sectional fanaticism. As Wash-

ington's commission was written on the rebel paper, unmarked by the loyal badge of a stamp, so the warrant which outraged Virginia placed in the hands of her noble sons, bidding them defend her, ought to have borne the impress, 'No Coercion.' Virginia, in her Convention, had listened to the voice of a distinguished son of South Carolina, as he told of the wrongs endured by the South, and pictured the pleasing scenes of "peaceable secession," through which he lead the southern sovereignties to a glorious future. Virginia listened, and was silent. Memory reverted to the golden days of the past, and she pressed the Constitution, the offering of her own son, to her great, beating heart. But when struck by the blind blow of a blundering giant, as from Washington city Abraham Lincoln hurled the thunderbolt of coercion among her people, that proud old Commonwealth turned away from the idol of her heart, now desecrated, and, mastering her grief, uttered defiantly, through her firm lips, the word 'Revolution.'"



CHAPTER VII.

**REMINISCENCE OF A MEMBER OF "THE STONE-
WALL BRIGADE."**

BY DR. E. A. CRAIGHILL.

*R. B. Stratton, Esq.,
Lynchburg, Va.*

MY DEAR MR. STRATTON:—Of all the survivors of our "late unpleasantness," now so far in the dim past, I believe I am the only representative of the justly famous Stonewall Brigade in this vicinity, though a very inconspicuous one, and one who deserves no credit for having made this famous organization what it was; in justice to those who did, at your request, and with the kind permission of your readers, who, I trust, may be thousands, I propose to relate one or two personal reminiscences and experiences of the "Lost Cause"

Before the immortal "Stonewall" Jackson went to Harper's Ferry to take command, I had already, from a sense of duty to my State, and contrary to my inclination, for I was opposed to secession, joined the *Botts* Grays, (named for our gallant captain, who afterwards gave his life to the cause,) which company became Company G., First Virginia Regiment. Upon the reorganization of this nucleus of an army, our regiment became the Second, it being discovered that one other Virginia Colonel ranked our Colonel by date of commission. When *Major* Jackson arrived and succeeded the militia General, he was put in command temporarily of all the troops, with a Colonel's commission from Governor Letcher; but later, when General Joseph E. Johnston took command, my regiment, the Second, with the Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-Seventh, Thirty-Third, and the Rockbridge Artillery, were organized into a brigade, and Colonel Jackson was made a Brigadier-General, and put in command. Thirty-four years is a long time to remember details, but I think I have stated facts and conditions as they actually occurred. If I have not, it is sad to think how very few there are left to correct me, so many, like our great commander, having "crossed over the river."

I never had any fancy for the military, and had never been a member of any company until Virginia seceded, and whilst still a member of the "awkward squad"—there never was anyone who better deserved to belong to it—one night, after a day of hard work, drilling and camp duty generally, it seemed to me I had just comfortably gotten to sleep, likely dreaming of my happy home and the "girl I left behind me," when one of our sergeants came and waked me, and said I was one of a detail with orders to report for some duty; if he knew he did not tell me what. There had been a good deal of talk and some excitement in camp for some days because of a rumor that the Federals—I do not think we had then commenced calling all in the North "Yankees," as we did later—were preparing a mode for capturing "the Ferry," and killing all the troops there assembled; and it was by this means: A train of cars, built somewhat on the Monitor order, with loopholes for Gatling guns, was to be rushed into the town, commanded by General Ben Butler, the then inglorious hero of the 19th of April fight in the streets of Baltimore. These terrible engines of war were to deal death and destruction, and, if it was only a rumor, it was calculated to make raw recruits creepy and uncomfortable; and when the sergeant waked me that night, the first thought that popped into my head was, that whatever I was wanted for, it was in some way connected with this rumored attack; and I was not mistaken, as the sequel proved. I, with two or three others, was marched out into the night, and it was as dark as Erebus, and at the mouth of the railroad bridge connecting with Maryland, we were turned over to Major E. K. Smith, afterwards the distinguished General—the Blucher of Manassas—who married Miss Selden, of our city. I do not remember exactly how many were in the detail, or the instructions to any except myself, but I do remember, and will never forget, his instructions to me, or that he put me on the outer post; that is, the one furthest from our army and nearer to the Federals, and, consequently, the most dangerous. **1368680**

To appreciate the situation, it is necessary to explain that in 1861, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in Maryland, for some

miles after leaving the Harper's Ferry bridge, is built on a narrow shelf, cut out of the solid rock which is almost a perpendicular cliff, hundreds of feet high and so steep that a goat could by no possibility climb it; and just at the foot of this precipitous cliff the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal runs along the bank of the Potomac river. Now remember, here I was, about a mile beyond the bridge, in Maryland, with no one within calling distance, except the sentinel who was one of the links of the chain a mile or more long, connecting us with our command. It was so dark I could only know where the railroad track was by feeling for it, and I actually could not see my hand, holding it up before me. It was a dangerous place at best, because there were only a very few feet between the track and the base of this rock, and here I was, almost a boy, going through with my first experience as a sentinel, with this terrible monster, this engine of death and destruction, with General Ben Butler in command, expected during the two hours I was detailed to remain on duty.

Yes, here I was, stationed by Major Smith in person, with the instructions which follow: All trains were ordered to slow up and come to a dead halt just before reaching my station, and then proceed inside our lines, slowing up at each sentinel station; and just before getting to the bridge the officer of the day, or rather the night, boarded it and, with his detail, satisfied himself they were alright before permitting them to proceed.

On this particular night it seems that this dreaded train was expected, and my orders were, if the train did not slow up as usual, "to shoot the engine-driver, and continue to fire as long as my forty rounds of ammunition lasted, and then make my escape, as best I could, up the side of the mountain." If he had said "Amuse yourself with these Yankees until you are killed," it would have been more like the thing, as it was utterly impossible to "escape up the mountain-side" without wings.

It would be impossible for anyone who had never been exposed to great danger to appreciate what I experienced during those dreadful hours of that lonely, desolate, dark night, waiting for the train, *perhaps for death*. I can never for-

get the thoughts which crowded into my mind. When I went into the army it was with the confident expectation that I would not survive the war, but I had not expected to give up my life for my country in this way.

"All things come to him who waits," and before my two hours were out I heard the rumbling and roaring of the train in its mad flight. It was coming! Before very long—it seemed an age—a little speck of light appeared, crawling nearer and nearer; and at last, the head light of the engine could be plainly seen in the distance. My heart seemed to suspend its function, in my anxious wondering if it would stop, or was I to shoot at a man to kill, for the first time. The moment was frightful, but, thank God! the train is slowing up; and, when it gets opposite my station, it comes to a *dead stop*, and the conductor, and not Ben Butler, came to me, lantern in hand, and with no murderous intent. What a relief! By instructions, I tell him to proceed, and he did proceed, and I was left alone in the dark, but oh! *so much relieved*.

By some misunderstanding I was left on this post, in this dark place, and I walked this dreary beat all night long, and was not relieved until guard-mounting next morning. I have been asked sometimes why I was prematurely gray. Echo answers, "Why?"

The fates of war, in following Jackson, led me later into some dangerous places, though not to the extent that fell to the lot of many of his brave men, but there is one thing certain, I never afterwards was as badly frightened as I was that night when I really believed I was looking grim Death squarely in the face.

Years afterwards I got to know General Kirby Smith fairly well, and in 1865 or '66, it was my pleasure and privilege to assist in making him a Knight Templar, in DeMolay Commandery, in Lynchburg. During one of the many pleasant conversations I had with him I asked him once if he remembered the circumstances of that night in '61. He smiled and said he did. I told him I was the raw recruit he put on that outer post of danger, and that I had never been as badly frightened in all my life. He laughed and said it was a pretty dangerous

place for any one to be put in, but that I ought to feel complimented at being selected, as he had called for a detail of men who could be trusted if exposed to danger, and that the sergeant would not have selected me unless he had confidence in me. I would rather, then, he had not trusted me so far.

Another dismal experience at Harper's Ferry. One evening, I think in May, after our evening drill, the men were all strolling around, some fishing, some bathing, all amusing themselves as best they could, when all of a sudden, without the slightest premonition, we were startled by the *long roll* being beat most furiously by the drum corps. It was the first time we had ever heard it; alas! it was not the last time. Instantly, as if by magic, everything was confusion and bustle, and such rushing for quarters you never saw. In an incredibly short time, all were on the parade ground and the companies ready for marching orders, which came to some of us very soon. All of us thought the Maryland Heights were swarming with Yankees, and some of the men were just "sp'iling for a fight," of which I was not one, but all of us really believed that we were to be marched off somewhere for a fight. None of us had ever smelt powder; that is, Yankee powder. I afterwards wished I never had. About six o'clock, with Jackson in front, we marched, but when we got to the turning off place, as we thought, to go over into Maryland to meet the enemy, we turned off *in the opposite* direction, up over Boliver Heights, and then turned off again in the direction of Martinsburg. Before we had been out long, an ominous looking cloud arose, which threatened a storm, and every minute it became blacker and more threatening, and when we were four or five miles out, the storm burst upon us furiously. In my whole life I have never seen in Virginia as terrific a storm of thunder and lightning, hail and rain; it seemed as if the fury of all the elements was being exhausted upon our defenceless heads, and that the windows of heaven had been thrown wide open and the power of closing them lost. It poured and poured, and, really, it was almost impossible for a human being to get along, and many surrendered to it and would go no further. In some places through which we

marched, the water and mud was a foot and a half deep, but we trudged on in the rain and dark—night had set in—with not the remotest idea where we were going or what we were going for.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, maybe later, the rain still falling, but not in torrents, we found we were approaching a town, which turned out be Shepherdstown. This was our first experience in marching, and a dreadful experience it was, and a more miserable, dirty, hungry, foot-sore, weary set of creatures you never saw. As late as it was, and as much surprised as the good people of this delightful old Virginia town were to see us, they opened their hearts and houses to us, and did everything possible to make us comfortable, with hot coffee, bread and butter, chickens and ham, indeed, everything they had to eat, and in every way they did all they could to make us comfortable, even providing us beds to sleep in. If anything had been said about paying for what we got, these good people would have taken it as an insult, all of them. *This was very early in the war.*

We were congratulating ourselves that we were "in elover," and that our troubles were, anyhow, over for that night, but we did not know our General then, as we got to know him later. We had hardly swallowed the good things provided for us, when the orders were given to "fall in, men." I felt as if I would rather be shot, but, nevertheless, did fall in, though some did not. I am not certain I would have done so, except that I thought it was only preliminary to assigning us to quarters for the night, but when the order came, "Forward, march," I thought it was not possible for me to march a square; and when we started back exactly *over the same route* by which we had *waded* only a few hours before, I felt that it would be absolutely impossible for me to march all the way back to Harper's Ferry, and I think so yet; but I determined, as many others did, to keep on going until I dropped. Many gritty men fell out of ranks and were left in the road, but the command marched on with Jackson at the head. When we reached Kearneysville, a station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, we found a train had been provided, and, oh!

glorious relief ! we were to ride from there to the Ferry ; or, it would be more correct to say, that we were marched to this point to meet this train, which was due at Harper's Ferry about daylight ; and just as the Queen of Day lifted her shining face above the Maryland Heights, flooding this beautiful, teeming valley, as it were, with liquid gold, transforming the millions of rain drops, from the war of the elements the night before, into as many sparkling diamonds, our train rolled into the station with its living freight of tired, wet, hungry, sleepy, miserable beings ; that is, all who were left of us. It was days before all the stragglers got back to camp, and I am not certain all of them ever did.

It was many days before I recovered from the dreadful experiences of that awful night, and whilst it was my fortune afterwards, as one of Jackson's "foot cavalry," to take many long marches, quick marches and forced marches, by day and by night, including that from Winchester to Manassas, I never had as hard and fatiguing a time as this tramp to Shepherdstown and back, on this night in May ; and I have often wondered what it was for, and have never found out, as up to this day I have never heard that there was a Yankee closer than Washington. Afterwards, when it was my great privilege of knowing "Stonewall" Jackson personally, I would like to have asked him why he took us on that march, but whilst "a cat can look at a king," a private would not dare to catechise "Stonewall" Jackson about any of his doings, and, of course, I never did ; but I did presume to ask our Colonel—the gallant Allen, who gave his life at Gain's Mill, leading the Stonewall Brigade—and he told me he never understood General Jackson's motive, unless it was *to test the metal of his men*. If any one who participated in this march may chance to read this, and can give a better explanation, I would be delighted to have it.

For four years, almost to a day, I was in the army in one or another capacity, and could give a number of other personal reminiscences, but refrain from a further infliction, and must ask you to excuse so much *ego* in the above ; but in writing a personal experience in the first person it is very difficult to have it otherwise. There is one thing, though, that may be depended upon, I have written truth and not romance.

E. A. CRAIGHILL.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

"Papa, when I was in Lexington the other day at a picnic I visited the cemetery and saw General Jackson's statue."

"What inscription was on it?"

"Nothing but 'Jackson, 1824-1863.'"

"Do you want me to tell you what I know about him?"

"Yes, indeed; do tell us."

"Well, history says that Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born in Clarksburg, Harrison county, West Virginia, on the twenty-first of January, 1824.

"His father was a descendent of a Revolutionary hero, and both father and mother were descended from good stock. His father died when he was a small boy, and he, his mother, and three other children were left with small means upon which to live. His mother was a pious woman, and she gave her children all the advantages of an early Christian training, and young Jackson loved her with all the devotion a son could lavish on a mother. She died while he was still a child, and he was taken in charge by an uncle and given all the education the country schools could give, up to the age of sixteen. At this early age his high character and steady habits caused the magistrates of his county to elect him constable.

"This position did not please him, and hearing there was a vacancy at West Point, he determined to apply for the appointment. He told his friend, Colonel J. M. Bennett, what he was going to do, and he reminded him of the high standard of studies required, and asked Jackson if he had prepared for it. His reply was, 'I am very ignorant, but I can make it up by study. I know I have the energy, and I think I have the intellect.'

"Colonel Bennett liked this answer so much that he gave Jackson a letter of introduction to the Congressman from that

district, and asked him to do all he could for the boy. Jackson resigned his position and started for Washington. A friend loaned him a horse, and he promised to leave it in the town where he was to take the stage. When he arrived at Clarksburg, however, he found the stage gone. The roads were very muddy, so a friend in Clarksburg told him to ride on to the next station, where he would overtake the stage, and that he would send for the horse; but Jackson had promised to leave that horse at Clarksburg, so he left it. He proceeded on foot through the mud, and finally caught up with the stage. This shows how much importance he attached to his promises.

"Jackson's mission to Washington was successful, and on the first of July, 1842, he entered West Point as a cadet.

"He went for study, not for fun. He graduated high in his class, and, as some of his comrades said, if he had had another year he would have graduated first.

"War coming on with Mexico, he was assigned to duty with Captain Magruder as second lieutenant of artillery. With such dash and bravery did he fight his guns that he was brevetted three times, and the war closed on him as major.

"His health gave way, and he resigned his commission in the army of the United States and came home.

"A vacancy occurring at the Virginia Military Institute, he was appointed a professor.

"He remained there until the civil war broke out, when he was ordered by Governor Letcher to report at Richmond with his corps of cadets. After going to Richmond he was appointed Colonel of a Virginia regiment and sent to Harper's Ferry. From that time his name commenced to be known to the people of the South. When General Johnston's army was organized in the Valley of Virginia, Colonel Jackson received the appointment of Brigadier-General, and was assigned to a brigade of Virginians.

"When General Johnston's and General Beauregard's armies united at Manassas, and what is known in history as the First Battle of Manassas took place, a brigade of General Beauregard's army, commanded by General Bee, had come in contact with the Federal army, and a brigade under General

Jackson had been sent to support them. Bee's brigade had been shattered and driven back. While General Bee was trying to rally them, his rallying cry was, 'There stands Jackson's brigade like a stone wall,' and ever after that time that brigade was known as the 'Stonewall Brigade' and its leader as 'Stonewall Jackson.' Thus you see how he got the name of 'Stonewall.'

"While Major Jackson was professor at Lexington the early Christian training of a pious mother was still lingering in his memory, and caused him to examine the Bible carefully and attentively, and brought him to profess the Christian's faith and hope and join the Presbyterian church under that great and sainted preacher, Rev. Mr. White, (who, way back in the thirties had laid his pious hand upon my baby head in baptism.)

"From that time he became a zealous, praying Christian up to his death, and he was called by the students 'Deacon Jackson.'

"After the First Battle of Manassas he was sent to the Valley of Virginia as Major-General in command of that department of the army.

"In 1862 our regiment of cavalry was sent with General Ewell's division to reinforce General Jackson in the valley, and here commenced my knowledge of Stonewall Jackson.

"Hearing that Milroy was advancing upon Staunton in May, 1862, his little army fell back to that place. With the swift-ness of a hawk he dashed right through the mountains, met the Federal army, in command of General Milroy, gave them battle, and put them to flight in full retreat. He fell back again to Staunton, gave orders to General Ewell to move forward toward Winchester, put his own army under march down the Valley road, and met the Federal army under General Banks at Strasburg. General Banks, hearing that General Ewell was on his flank, and knowing that General Jackson was in his front, gave orders to retire, but not in time to escape the clutches of Jackson and Ewell. Then commenced one of the pell-mell scatterings, General Banks trying to get to Winchester and Stonewall Jackson right after him, capturing prisoners, cannon, wagons, and horses. The enemy made a

stand at Winchester and gave us battle. The divisions of Ewell and Jackson united at Winchester, and soon put the enemy to flight in great disorder. Pushing forward to the Potomac, the Valley was soon cleared of the enemy.

“My company, with several others, was sent out as a picket. My company was on Boliver Heights. It was a drizzling, rainy night. I was stationed near an old field in which there was a pine thicket. Every now and then a flash of lightning would come, and I would think the whole field was full of the enemy, as the little pines would look like men. My relief was a timid young fellow who was afraid to go on duty by himself, and I had to stand all night, the longest night I ever saw, expecting every minute to be gobbled up by the enemy.

“We didn’t stay near Harper’s Ferry but a few days. General Jackson was notified that three armies were organizing to capture him, one on his right, one on his left, and one in front of him. Now commenced the race for life. Our regiment brought up the rear, falling back slowly and doggedly, giving battle whenever we had an opportunity, while the head of the column moved with great rapidity under Stonewall.

“When he reached Strasburg, Milroy with his army had nearly gotten in ahead of him. He formed line of battle and held Milroy in check until he could get his whole force up to Strasburg. That grand old brigade, Stonewall, which had been left behind at Winchester, was pressing forward with all its vigor, and he would have fought the whole Federal army at that very position but what he would have saved that brigade. When it at last arrived he commenced falling slowly back up the Valley, the cavalry left to bring up the rear.

“I shall never forget that night at Strasburg. A company of Federal cavalry charged into our rear guard. It was dark as pitch, and for a while confusion reigned, as if the whole Federal army had charged upon us. Order was restored and we again fell back, fighting all the way to Cross Keys. Here Jackson determined to give battle. It was on Sunday, and all day long Ewell fought and contested every inch of ground with them, and whipped them.”

“Did you ever see General Jackson, papa?”

“On the day after the fight of Cross Keys our regiment bivouacked on the road leading to Port Republic. While standing there I saw a dingy looking soldier on a little sorrel horse, trotting down the road, a dingy looking cap pulled down over his eyes. When he reached me I found it to be the great Stonewall Jackson.

“Next morning after the fight at Cross Keys it was learned that another Federal column was coming up the road leading to Port Republic. General Jackson ordered General Ewell to fall back to Port Republic. Our regiment brought up the rear, with orders to burn the bridge as soon as we crossed the Shenandoah river. General Jackson put his army in line of march, and met the Federal column a mile below Port Republic. As our rear guard passed the bridge we set fire to it, and the column that General Ewell had been fighting the day before appeared on the heights around Port Republic with a desire to crush Jackson right between the two columns. Then commenced the most terrific fight that took place during the war with the same numbers engaged, and it is now known in history as the Battle of Port Republic. God heard the prayers of Jackson and made him invincible.

“That ended the Valley campaign.”

“Papa, what became of Stonewall then?”

“He fell back up there in the Blue Ridge mountains, and rested his army, which was foot-sore and weary. The enemy retreated back down the Valley to Strasburg. The cavalry, which had no rest, followed on and made its headquarters at Harrisonburg, and there we threw out pickets.

“There was a rich old gentleman with our regiment during all the Valley campaign. He had nephews in the regiment.

“He was a good talker and knew how to fix up things, and our gallant Colonel had formed a plan with him to see if he couldn't drive the Federals out of the Valley.

“There were a great many Federal soldiers wounded and sick at Harrisonburg, and one day when I was on picket a flag of truce came up from the Federal army with a long line of ambulances for them. I sent the officers with the flag of truce in to headquarters.

“While they were treating with the Colonel for the parole of their sick and wounded comrades, our old gentleman came into the Colonel’s office. The Colonel seemed to be very glad to see him, and asked him the news. He said, ‘Well I just passed old Stonewall a few miles up the pike. He has just received twenty thousand reinforcements, and will be here in a few hours, or by to-morrow.’ The flag of truce soon finished the business that brought them up, carried the news back to camp, and next day the Federals retreated on Winchester. In a few days thereafter Jackson was on the right of McClellan’s lines around Richmond, before McClellan ever knew that he had left the Valley, and Stonewall Jackson’s name had become immortal.

“After McClellan’s evacuation of Richmond a new army was formed at Washington, sent on up through Alexandria by Manassas, commanded by a general who said his headquarters was in the saddle, and that he had never seen the faces of his enemy. General Lee sent General Jackson with his corps to meet this great general. He met him at what is known as Cedar Mountain, near Culpeper Courthouse, and this great Federal braggart saw the faces of his enemy and felt their blows also this time. Many of our brave fellows fell to rise no more in that terrific battle, but the enemy was checked and our whole army brought up from Richmond. Then commenced that great march which threw Jackson’s corps in the rear of the Federal army, gave the victory, through the providence of God, to our arms, and drove the Federal forces out of Virginia.

“Next we see him passing through Maryland, surrounding Harper’s Ferry, and capturing it with eleven thousand prisoners and arms, and with almost lightning march joining the army again at Sharpsburg, and shedding glory and renown upon the Confederate arms. Jackson was a praying general, and always gave God the glory for everything that befell him.

“The army rested from its labors a few months in the Valley of Virginia, which land and its people Jackson so much loved.

“Children, you all remember in the Bible, don’t you, where

Hezekiah laid the letter before the Lord? Well, Stonewall Jackson was a man of that kind—he carried everything to God in prayer. His body-servant used to say that he always knew when a battle was coming on, and when some one asked him why, his answer was: ‘Because the General is nearly always at prayers.’

“The next great move that General Jackson made was to take his foot-cavalry down to Caroline, below Fredericksburg.”

“What was his foot-cavalry?”

“They used to call his army foot-cavalry because it moved so fast—almost as fast as horses.

“Our company was on picket way to the left of our lines on the Rappahannock, and away in the night I heard a cannon go off—I hear that gun as plain in memory now as I heard it when it was discharged. That gun was to notify our army that the Federal army was about to move across the river at Fredericksburg. Next day we were ordered to join our regiment, and the regiment was ordered to take position on Jackson’s right, near Fredericksburg. It is said he was in his best plight at Fredericksburg, dressed in a new suit General Stuart had sent him, and he looked every inch a soldier.

“There was a terrific battle at Fredericksburg—the enemy lost largely, gained nothing, and was forced to fall back across the river after two or three days’ loitering around Fredericksburg.

“The army went into winter quarters, and remained around Fredericksburg until May, when the Federals were again put in line of march, crossed the river higher up, and landed in the Wilderness, which is known as Chancellorsville, and there they prepared to give us battle.

“General Lee ordered his line up, and prepared for battle.

“Generals Lee and Jackson met and viewed the situation, and found that there would be no chance for us if we attacked the enemy in front; and then came preparation for the greatest flank movement and surprise known in modern times. Fitz Lee’s division of cavalry was thrown in front of the Federal army to skirmish and sharp-shoot with them, while the great foot-cavalry of Jackson was put in line of march to gain the

flank and rear of the Federal army. Fitz Lee's brave command sustained themselves with credit, and Jackson's forces gained their position an hour or two before sundown, and burst upon one wing of the Federal army while they were preparing supper, not dreaming that there was an enemy near. Then that wing of the Federal army became thoroughly demoralized, and rushed pell-mell over everything, wagons, ambulances, and guns. Night came on before order could be restored and the army put in motion again. The great Jackson had been wounded unto death, and A. P. Hill, his faithful lieutenant, had also been wounded. That wing of the army was without a commander, and the gallant Stuart was sent for, an officer whom Jackson loved and trusted.

"Never shall I forget that night. I was on picket in front of the Federal army, and had just been relieved, and was at picket headquarters. About twelve o'clock at night an officer rode up and asked if that was the headquarters of the picket. Though thirty years have passed, I can hear him now, as he said: 'Direct me the way to General Lee's headquarters. It may be that the fate of the Confederacy hangs on my seeing him to-night.' He was given the directions, though we knew not what had happened. We learned late next day that General Jackson had been wounded.

"In the next few days, when the fighting was over, our regiment was in camp at Vidiersville. I was sent up to Orange Courthouse for the mail of the regiment, and while I was there the cars came up from Richmond. Newspapers were scattered around Orange Courthouse, and I saw they were all in mourning. I got hold of one and found that it told that General Stonewall Jackson was dead. I had seen many sad days in my life, but that was the saddest of all the days that I had spent.

"The Lord said to our people: 'I have taught you a lesson. I have shown you to be the greatest people in valor and courage that the world has ever known, and now I will teach you a lesson that will do you good through all time, and make you a greater people if only you'll do your duty and trust me. I raised up this, my humble servant, to teach the generations

to come to trust in me as humbly as he has done, and while so humble and trusting, yet great and mighty in deeds.'

"Thus passed from earth the second greatest general of modern times, trusting in his God, doing whatever his great Commander ordered him to do, and, in dying, said it was all right. His last words on earth were: 'Let us pass over the river and rest under the trees.'

"He now lies buried in Lexington, and on his monument the 1824-1863 takes in his whole life.

" 'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.' "



CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE, AUTHOR OF "SURRY OF EAGLE'S NEST."

I copy from a magazine, *The Old Guard*, an interesting sketch of the Battle of Port Republic, written by that interesting writer, John Esten Cooke:

"PORT REPUBLIC.

"There was in Virginia in 1862 an old officer of the French army, who had followed Napoleon throughout his greatest campaigns, and was a very enthusiastic admirer of the Emperor. When the intelligence of Jackson's victory at Port Republic came, Colonel —— exclaimed:

"He is the greatest of all soldiers! There never was a greater campaign than the campaign of the Valley. I will not say that Jackson imitated Napoleon, but, if he had lived before the Emperor, I would say that Napoleon imitated Jackson."

"The object of this paper is to describe the action, the intelligence of which aroused the military enthusiasm of the old French officer.

"To perform this task conscientiously and accurately, it is necessary to begin at the beginning. The marches of Jackson were even more remarkable than his habits—the huge strides of the Colossus more interesting even than the blows which he dealt. He aimed to conquer an enemy rather by sweat than blood—and Port Republic was only the last scene of the last act in a drama which was from the first scene—movement, movement, movement!

"In March of this year, 1862, Jackson was at Winchester with 4,000 men, with orders to hold the Valley.

"One morning the enemy advanced upon him with about 40,000 men—that is ten to one; and, when his friends said sadly,

‘good-bye, General,’ he did not take the hands held out, and replied:

“‘No! I will never leave Winchester without a fight—never! never!’

“Four hours afterwards he was retreating, but only in obedience to a peremptory order from Richmond.

“‘Is everything removed, Major?’ he said to his chief quartermaster.

“‘Nearly everything, General.’

“‘Take your time, Major; I am in no hurry to leave Winchester.’

“Retreating slowly up the Valley, he had reached Mount Jackson, when Ashby sent him word that the enemy were moving their forces from Winchester towards Fredericksburg to reinforce McClellan on the Chickahominy. At the intelligence Jackson put his column in motion, and hastened with his ‘foot cavalry’ toward the Potomac. Fifty miles were passed over with the speed of horse. The enemy, 11,000 in number, were found at Kernstown; and, although the 3,000 men of Jackson were so much exhausted that they staggered when their feet were placed upon the rolling stones of the turnpike, their commander gave the order to attack.

“The battle of Kernstown followed—the struggle of 2,742 men to drive about 8,000 from the field. That fight was one of the hardest of the war. Jackson said that the firing was more rapid and continuous than during any portion of the battle of Manassas.

“The action commenced at four o’clock on a bleak March evening, with the wind sobbing over the great fields of broom-straw, soon to be dabbled in blood. Until nightfall it raged with enormous bitterness. Time after time the Federal flag went down, and a Northern officer afterwards declared that the obstinate stand made by a single Federal regiment ‘alone saved them.’

“But at dark Jackson was beaten. The enemy were enveloping both of his flanks, and driving his centre. Ashby at that moment sent him word that if he could only hold his ground ten minutes longer, the Federal forces would retire.

‘I know this to be so,’ said Ashby; he had captured, it is said, a courier of General Shields’, bearing the order. But it was too late. The battle was lost. Jackson’s men were retreating—sullenly, doggedly, ‘without panic,’ as even the Federal commander said in his report—but they were retreating.

“Having moved back three or four miles, Jackson lay down in a fence corner, slept for an hour or more, and at daylight commenced his retreat—unpursued, almost. The enemy followed him no further than Strasburg, from which point they fell back to Winchester, barrieking the road in their rear.

“About the middle of April Jackson was in camp, near Mount Jackson, when he received intelligence that the enemy were advancing, in heavy force. Soon their advance guard struck his rear, under Ashby. The Confederate commander was too weak to fight the heavy force under Banks, and slowly moved across the Shenandoah toward Swift Run Gap, through which ran the road to Richmond. Ashby had remained behind, and it was in endeavoring to destroy the bridge over the Shenandoah on this occasion—not on the second retreat—that his historic white horse received the historic death-wound.

“Meanwhile, Jackson had reached his fastness in the Blue Ridge, and it was evident that he had not the least intention of retreating further. Like the Scottish chieftain, his back was against the rock, and he did not mean to fly.

“General Banks advanced no further than Harrisonburg. From that place he sent, on the 24th of April, a dispatch to Washington, announcing that ‘the rebel Jackson’ had abandoned the Valley, and was then in full retreat upon Richmond.

“The commentary upon this statement was amusing. Jackson moved with the rapidity of the wind, to Staunton, advanced thence to the western mountains, struck the defeated Milroy, who was coming to join Banks, drove him from McDowell to Franklin, and then, having drawn up his army, and returned thanks to God for the victory, while the enemy were still firing, returned by rapid marches to the Valley. General Banks had fallen back to Strasburg, where he was fortifying. Such had been the result of Jackson’s ‘retreat upon Richmond.’

“No time was lost by the Virginian. He summoned Ewell to meet him at Newmarket; from that point crossed the Shenandoah and the Massinulton, advanced down the Luray Valley and, before the enemy were aware of his presence, made a furious assault upon their outpost, at Front Royal—that is to say, precisely on the flank of General Banks at Strasburg.

“The Federal force at Front Royal disappeared, as though swept away by the wind, and Jackson pushed on rapidly to strike the Valley turnpike, between Strasburg and Winchester, full in the enemy’s rear. He struck it and their column moved back in haste upon Winchester. At the sudden thunder of his artillery, the long columns of cavalry broke and vanished like phantoms in the woods; the trains and artillery ran off at a gallop, and the tail of the long snake, cut off from the rest, retreated rapidly upon Strasburg, whence it escaped to the mountains.

“Jackson now hastened on, without pausing for a moment, toward Winchester. Moving steadily all night, and driving before him every Federal force which barred the way, he came within sight of Winchester at dawn, and, an hour afterwards, made a resolute attack. General Banks had assembled all his available forces there, and occupied the high hill to the west of the town; but Jackson knew that no real resistance would await him from troops thus demoralized. He formed his line of battle, sent word to Ewell on the Front Royal road, to close in, and the two columns rushed, right and left, upon the town, meeting and driving everything before them.

“The blue lines were utterly broken, in full retreat, and were hastening out at the northern end of the town while Jackson’s men were entering the southern suburbs.

“The scene which followed will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. Men, women and children flocked into the streets, shouting, laughing and waving their handkerchiefs; and such was the enthusiasm of the young girls to welcome their gray defenders, that men had to be sent forward to motion them out of the way, in order that the platoons might deliver their fire.

“‘Thank God we are free! Thank God we are free once

more !' resounded upon every side, and Jackson exhibited an emotion which he had never been known to display before. He caught his cap from his head, waved it in the air, and he—the sedate, serious Stonewall Jackson—cheered ! But the ovation did not divert him from his work. He rode on rapidly through the town, and followed so closely, ahead of his own column, the foot-steps of the fugitive enemy, that a staff officer said :

“ ‘ Don't you think you are exposing yourself to danger, General ? ’ ”

“ To this caution he paid not the least attention. His brief reply was :

“ ‘ Tell the troops to press right on to the Potomac ! ’ ”

“ But the infantry was broken down, and the cavalry was not in place. This fact alone saved the Federal forces from capture. They reached Martinsburg, rapidly passed the Potomac, and General Banks said, in his report of these events, ‘ it is seldom that a river crossing of such magnitude is achieved with greater success, and there never were more grateful hearts, in the same number of men, than when, at midday on the 26th, we stood on the opposite shore. ’ ”

“ At Winchester, Jackson captured great quantities of stores ; but the work was not done, and the time for rest was still far distant. The enemy retained possession of Harper's Ferry, and toward that point the old Stonewall Brigade, under that brave spirit, Winder, was promptly sent.

“ Winder advanced to Charlestown, and, at the first roar of his guns, the enemy there retreated, pursued by the Southerners to Halltown. Jackson arrived on the following morning with his main body, advanced straight upon Harper's Ferry, and was about to attack when intelligence reached him which communicated a very unexpected and most disagreeable aspect to affairs.

“ A few words will explain. The advance of the formidable athlete toward the Potomac had excited the utmost consternation in Washington. The daring of the man was so well known that the Federal authorities trembled for the fate of their capital. The wildest rumors were everywhere prevalent. ‘ Where is Jackson ? ’ ‘ Has he taken Washington ? ’ These

and a hundred similar questions were asked; at least, the Northern journals so stated. The government certainly shared this anxiety. President Lincoln had already written a hurried dispatch to General McDowell, at Fredericksburg, in which he said: 'You are instructed, laying aside for the present the movement on Richmond, to put twenty thousand men in motion at once for the Shenandoah—to capture the forces of Jackson and Ewell.' The Federal Secretary of War now telegraphed to the Governor of Massachusetts: 'Send all the troops forward that you can, immediately. Banks completely routed. Intelligence from various quarters leaves no doubt that the enemy in great force are advancing on Washington. You will please organize and forward immediately all the volunteer and militia force in your State.' Similar dispatches are said to have been sent to the other States—*ex uno disce omnes*.

"The 'great force' at Jackson's command was at this time about 15,000 men. This he stated to Colonel Boteler of his staff.

"'What will you do if the enemy cut you off, General?' asked the Colonel.

"'I will fall back upon Maryland for reinforcements,' was the cool response.

"*Credo quia absurdum est*. Jackson believed in many things which other Generals thought absurd until he accomplished them.

"The intelligence which came to Jackson, now at Harper's Ferry, was enough to try his nerves. The heavy column sent up by General McDowell from Fredericksburg was at Front Royal, and had captured the Confederate force there. The advance was hastening toward Strasburg; and, as if this were not enough, General Fremont, with an army estimated at 20,000 men, was hurrying to the same point, Strasburg, from the West—had reached the town of Wardensville across the mountain.

"Thus a force of about 40,000 or 50,000 men was closing in rapidly upon Jackson's rear at Strasburg. If the columns under Shields and Fremont made a junction there before his

arrival—‘good night to Marmion!’ Fifteen thousand resolute men could accomplish much, but they could scarcely cut their way through 50,000. The great point, therefore, was to reach the village of Strasburg before the enemy. Then the little army would be safe.

“Jackson began to move without delay.

“‘I will return again shortly, and as certainly as now,’ he said, in his brief, calm voice, to the women and children of Winchester, when he left them. Then he rode on and rejoined his column. The captured stores and the prisoners, some 3,000 in number, were rapidly sent forward; the army followed; it was a race between the Confederate Commander and his adversaries which should arrive first. The stake was not an unimportant one—it was nothing less than Jackson’s army.

“Hastening forward, Jackson reached Strasburg just as Fremont’s advance force came in sight; the column under Shields was yet some miles distant. Unfortunately the old Stonewall Brigade had been left behind at Harper’s Ferry; until it arrived, no one who knew the character of Jackson for a moment believed that he would continue his march.

“He halted, and waited. Fremont pressed on, intent upon his prey; soon his advance force was in sight of Strasburg, and came on rapidly in line of battle.

“‘Ewell, attack!’ was Jackson’s order, as at the second Manassas his brief words were, ‘Ewell, advance!’

“Ewell attacked, as that hardy soldier always did, with vigor. The head of Fremont’s column was driven back upon the main body. Ewell pressed forward; the long rattle of his musketry echoed from the mountain side, and that echo reached the ears and stirred the pulses of a little column of foot-sore and weary men, who were hastening on to join their commander.

“It was the Stonewall Brigade, now only an hour or two’s march away. At the sound of Ewell’s guns the worn out men pressed on more rapidly. All knew that their fate depended upon the speed of that march. An hour gained meant safety—an hour lost meant capture or destruction.

“At Middletown, Winder, then commanding the Brigade,

saw motionless on the turnpike the long lines of Ashby's cavalry. That stout cavalier never yet deserted comrade; at the sight of Winder the brown eyes flashed.

"‘I never felt so much relieved in my life!’ exclaimed Ashby, grasping his friend's hand. ‘I was certain you would be cut off, and had made up my mind to join you, and advise you to force your way through Ashby's Gap to Gordonsville!’*

“Ewell was still fighting obstinately when bayonets were seen to glitter in the direction of Winchester; a red flag flashed in the sunshine; steadily the weary column came—the old Brigade was safe ‘at home’ with its commander.

“As it entered the town, Jackson ordered Ewell to fall back. Then the army moved; Ashby's cavalry retired, the last from Strasburg; as they disappeared, the enemy rushed in to seize their prey.

“That prey had escaped. The lion was out of the meshes.

“The army moved on steadily, Ashby holding the rear, and drawing blood with his teeth when they pressed on him too closely. Thus pushing before it the long train of captured stores, and the winding blue line of prisoners, the column ascended the Valley; Newmarket was reached and passed; the Shenandoah crossed; Harrisonburg attained. If Jackson could now strike across to Port Republic—a little village in the forks of the Shenandoah—he could send off his captures through Brown's Gap to Richmond, place his back against the mountain, and strike a mortal blow either at Fremont in his front, or at Shields advancing up the Luray Valley, on his flank.

“Without delay, the formidable ‘game’ continued to press forward to the harbor of refuge.

“On the morning of the 6th of June, Jackson's column was moving steadily across to Port Republic—Fremont pressing closely on the rear, and Shields, as the signal-flags on the mountain announced, hastening up to cut off the army at Brown's Gap.

“Jackson did not hurry. Those who saw him will tell you that he never was more calm.

*I have this incident from my friend, Captain McHenry Howard, formerly of Winder's staff.

"Ashby brought up the rear, fighting over every foot of the ground, with splendid gallantry.

"On this day he ambushed and captured Colonel Percy Wyndham; three hours afterwards the chevalier, 'without reproach or fear,' was dead.

"Just at sunset, as the woodlands slept in the dreamy light of one of the most beautiful afternoons of June, he had rushed forward at the head of a small force to assail the Pennsylvania 'Bucktails,' under Colonel Kane; the ranks had closed in, in a bitter struggle; Ashby's horse was shot; he sprung to his feet; but as he was waving his sword—as 'Virginians, charge!' came from his lips—a bullet pierced his breast. He expired almost immediately, but not before the enemy was driven, and his body was brought out before a cavalryman.

"The brave Colonel Kane, who had been captured, was told of it.

" 'I am sorry,' he said; 'he was a noble fellow!'

"It was an enemy who said that; but Ashby did not need the praise of friend or foe. His brief career was like a dream of chivalry; but to-day his name and fame are cut upon a tablet warmer and more durable than 'monumental alabaster.'

"That tablet is the great heart of Virginia.

"From this moment commenced that series of superb manœuvres, which culminated in the excellently fought battle of Port Republic.

"To understand the 'situation,' it is absolutely necessary to look at the map. Fremont was at Harrisonburg; Shields at Conrad's Store, in the Luray Valley; Jackson at Port Republic. These three points are nearly the angles of an equilateral triangle—the sides ten or fifteen miles in length.

"Jackson had 12,000 men; Shields about the same; Fremont about 20,000, according to the records captured by General Ewell. It must have been near that.

"If Fremont joined Shields, or Shields joined Fremont, a column of about 32,000 troops would thus be opposed to 12,000. If he joined him—this had been provided against. Jackson had destroyed the bridge at Conrad's Store, as he had

destroyed that near Newmarket. Trying a second time to cross, Shields saw the swollen current directly in his path. No junction was possible—Jackson, crouching like a tiger at Port Republic, could spring either on Fremont or Shields, according to his fancy.

“It will soon be seen that he intended to crush them before they could unite—to tear to pieces Shields, and then attack and destroy Fremont, or be destroyed by him. It might have been thought that the great gladiator was tired of retreating—that the genius of ‘fight’ flushed his pulses. Those who scanned his countenance at that moment saw an expression upon it, which is best described by the word ‘dangerous.’

“A moment of great personal peril to the commander was to precede the hour of danger for his command. The incident about to be related is curious.

“Jackson’s main body reached the Shenandoah, opposite Port Republic, on the night of June 7th. The General sent some cavalry in the direction of Shields, and then established his headquarters in the lines.

“On the next morning he had just mounted his horse, when the cavalry came back panic stricken, pursued by Federal horse and artillery, one piece of which galloped up, and unlimbered at the bridge.

“Jackson was cut off from his army. That bridge was his only means of return to his forces, and it was commanded by the muzzle of a piece of artillery, loaded and ready. The General acted with rapidity. Riding straight toward the gun, he called out, harshly :

“‘Who ordered you to post that gun there? Bring it here!’

“Who could give such an order but a Federal officer of rank? The gun was quickly limbered up—began to move to the place directed—and Jackson, with his staff, spurred furiously across the bridge.

“The ruse was discovered too late by the artillery officer—Captain Robinson, of Portsmouth, Ohio. He fired three shots at the fugitives, but they screamed above them. Jackson continued his way, and, passing rapidly through the camps, with his cap in his hand, exclaimed :

“‘Beat the long roll!’

"It was beaten; the troops sprung to arms; Taliaferros' brigade rushed straight to the bridge, and in fifteen minutes the Federal artillery was captured, their cavalry in full flight.

"The Confederates were still pursuing them, when a low, continuous thunder—sullen and ominous—was heard in the direction of Harrisonburg. Ewell was fighting Fremont at Cross Keys. The hardy Virginian, at the head of his 5,000 bayonets, had thrown himself impetuously against the 20,000 of the enemy, at the spot where the 'Cross Keys Tavern' used to stand, about midway between Port Republic and Harrisonburg.

"Cross Keys was one of the 'neatest' fights of the war. It may be said of the soldier who commanded the Southerners there that he thought that 'war meant *fight*, and that fight meant *kill*.' He threw forward his right—drove the enemy half a mile—brought up his left—was about to push forward, when, just at nightfall, Jackson sent him an order to withdraw with the main body of his command to Port Republic.

"Ewell obeyed, and put his column in motion, leaving only a small force to observe the enemy. He was the last to leave the field, and was seen helping the wounded to mount upon horseback. To those too badly hurt to be moved from the ground, he gave money for their necessities out of his own pocket.

"Health to you, General! wherever you may be. A heart of steel beat in your breast in old days; but at Cross Keys the groans of the wounded melted it.

"What Jackson intended on this night of June 8th, is known from the memoir of an officer. Colonel Patton, left to command the small force in Fremont's front, went at midnight to ascertain Jackson's exact instructions.

"'Hold your position as well as you can,' was his order; 'then fall back when obliged; take a new position, and hold it in the same way, and I'll be back to join you in the morning. By the blessing of Providence, I hope to be back by ten o'clock.'

"That is to say, before ten o'clock Shields would be crushed, and Jackson designed returning to assail Fremont.

“That enormous will had determined upon everything—the mathematical brain had mapped out, in advance the whole series of manœuvres. I have said above that at this time Jackson was perfectly calm and composed. A singular proof of that statement will now be given, and, perhaps, some readers may find it to support the strange theory, held by not a few of his men, that Jackson was mentally ‘inspired.’* ”

“At one o’clock in the day, during the fight at Cross Keys, he rode up and dismounted from his horse near the bridge at Port Republic, ‘unusually absorbed, but perfectly tranquil.’ ”

“‘Major,’ he said, turning with the sweet smile of a child, to an officer near, ‘would it not be a glorious thing if God would give us a great victory to-day?’ ”

“Two hours passed slowly; the cannonade from Cross Keys became, if anything, more violent. The remainder of the scene shall be described in the words of the brave officer who gives us the memoir:—

“‘Great was my astonishment,’ says Captain Howard’s MS, ‘when, after a long silence, the General called abruptly, ‘Pendleton! write a note to General Ewell—say the enemy are defeated at all points, and to press them with cavalry, or, if necessary, with Wheat’s battalion and artillery.’ What could have led him to such a conclusion, I was, and still am, utterly unable to imagine, for my knowledge was certain that he had received no other dispatches from the field, and, in the hearing of all of us, the noise of conflict was at least as loud and as near as ever; besides, Jackson would have been one of the last to draw any inference from the latter sign, for, as he told me once before himself, he was ‘deaf in one ear, and could not well distinguish the direction of sounds.’ Captain Pendleton, however, without remark, wrote the order, or whatever it might be termed, to General Ewell, and, as he placed the sheet of paper against my horse’s shoulder for a writing desk, I saw that he used almost exactly Jackson’s words. With no little expectation, I awaited the result, and, accordingly, in about half an hour, and near the time that the

*This incident is given upon the authority of Captain Howard, of Baltimore. It has never before been published.

courier must have reached the battle field, the cannonade began to slacken, and presently arrived a dispatch from General Ewell stating, not, indeed, that the enemy were routed so as to be pursued, but that they were repulsed at all points.'

"Observe that Captain Howard states that 'Jackson returned from the direction of Cross Keys about one o'clock, and dismounted from his horse near the bridge.' In the second place, 'I remained near his side for at least two hours, during which time only couriers came from the battle field'—and at this time, that is, at *three o'clock*, Jackson sends his singular order.

"In February, 1864, the writer of this wrote to General Ewell on the subject of Cross Keys, and received a detailed and interesting memoir of the action.

"'About 11, A. M.,' says General Ewell, 'the enemy advanced on my front; driving in the Fifteenth Alabama. Their batteries were mostly opposite mine, near the church, and the artillery engagement began at *about noon*. After firing some time, the enemy advanced a brigade against Trimble's position,' and Trimble attacked, drove them, advanced, and reached a point 'more than a mile' beyond his first position. The least calculation will make that firing, which lasted 'some time,' after noon, and this hard attack, will bring the hour to *three*. Thus, the enemy were really 'defeated at all points,' as Jackson stated when he sent his curious order.

"'I did not push my success at once, because I had no cavalry,' says Ewell in his report.

"'Press them with cavalry,' said Jackson in his singular dispatch, sent from the bridge at Port Republic.

"Who will undertake to explain this very curious incident? The present writer declines the task.

"The day of Port Republic dawned. It was the 9th of June, 1862.

"Two days before, General McClellan had written to Washington: 'I shall be in perfect readiness to move forward and take Richmond the moment McCall reaches here, and the ground will admit the passage of artillery.'

"Jackson was to 'have his say' in that.

"At nightfall on the 8th, this was the situation of affairs:

Fremont had been repulsed, and was held in check at Cross Keys; Shields was rapidly advancing up the Luray Valley, and had almost come in sight of Port Republic; Jackson had concentrated his main body on the east side of the Shenandoah, and was ready to attack.

"At sunrise he moved forward the old Stonewall Brigade in front, and soon the dropping fire of skirmishers announced that his advance had struck the enemy.

"It was a 'day of days,' and no more beautiful spot could have been selected in all that land of lands, Virginia, for a decisive struggle. The sun which rose over Austerlitz was not more brilliant than this one whose rosy beams lit up the fields of golden wheat, the shining river, and the forests, echoing with the songs of birds. Those who died that day were to fix their last looks on a sky of cloudless blue—to fall asleep amid the murmur of limpid waves.

"General Shields had selected an admirable position for his line. His right rested on the river, bending here in the shape of a crescent; thence the line extended across a field of wheat to a rising ground at the foot of Cole mountain, a spur of the Blue Ridge; there his left flank was protected by the acclivity, and strengthened by artillery.

"If Jackson attacked the enemy's right flank, the river stopped him. If he attacked their left, the steep side of the mountain, crowned with artillery met him. If he assailed the centre, to the infantry fire from the front would be added the terrible enfilade fire of the guns upon the heights.

"Any other general would have paused, reconnoitered, and, perhaps, retired. Jackson advanced and attacked. His plans required an assault, and he assaulted.

"The sun had scarcely risen above the shaggy summit of the Blue Ridge, when the *Sic Semper* banner of Virginia was seen bending forward, rippling as it moved; the rattle of musketry resounded; cheers echoed from the mountain side; and the Virginians of the Old Brigade threw themselves upon the foe whom they had so often encountered.

"In thirty minutes they were hurled back, torn, bleeding, and leaving behind them, dead or dying, some of the best men

of the command. The enemy had met them with a veritable *feu d'enfer*. From the Federal infantry in front had issued rolling volleys of musketry—this they could stand; but from the acclivity to the right came a fire of shell, round shot and cannister, so furious that no troops could face it. The field was swept as by the besom of destruction. The veterans of the Stonewall Brigade, who had faced, unmoved, the thunders of Manassas, Kernstown, McDowell, and Winchester, recoiled from this terrific fire; and with the Seventh Louisiana Regiment, under the daring Harry Hays, fell back in disorder.

“The repulse seemed decisive. The Federal troops rushed forward with wild cheers, the Star-spangled Banner fluttering in the wind. Winder’s guns went off at a gallop to escape the danger to which they were exposed; and although two Virginia regiments were thrown forward, and fought obstinately, the enemy still advanced. The earth was littered with dead bodies in gray coats. A gun of Prague’s was overturned, and had to be abandoned. The enemy rushed on, cheering, and delivering volleys as they came. At that moment the battle of Port Republic was lost.

“Jackson sat his horse, looking on with that grim flash of the eye, which in him boded no good to his opponents. The stern “fighting jaw” was locked; the cheeks glowed.

“A rapid glance revealed all. It was not the fire of the infantry in front that stopped the troops. They had met that fire often, and were more than a match for it. It was the murderous enfilade fire of shell and cannister which swept the field from the heights on the right, tearing them to pieces whenever they essayed to advance. In face of that fire the bravest veterans were unwilling to move forward. ‘Why do so?’ they may have said; ‘Jackson is coming; the day is before us; he will find some way to stop that fire.’

“Such was probably the reasoning of the troops; at least it was correct. A single glance showed Jackson that the key of the position was the hill crowned with artillery. As long as these swept the field, he was paralysed; and every moment counted. Beside the foe in his front, there was another more dangerous—Fremont and his fifteen or twenty thousand men at

Cross Keys. In front of Fremont was only a 'corporal's guard' of infantry; he heard the thunder of the fight beyond Port Republic; he knew that Shields was heavily engaged with Jackson—at all risks he would come to his succor. Then, once united, the Federal forces would number about 30,000 men, against Jackson's little force of about 10,000. It was easier to charge the artillery, drive the enemy, and gain a victory, when that enemy numbered only ten or twelve thousand, than when he numbered thirty thousand.

"Nothing remained but the charge. If those guns continued to pour their fire on the Confederate flank, the battle was lost—retreat through Brown's Gap the only course left. Jackson looked at the artillery vomiting shell and cannister more furiously than before. General Taylor was near him—his brigade had just arrived.

"'Can you take that battery, General? It must be taken!'" said Jackson, briefly.

"Taylor's sword flashed from the scabbard, his face glowed. Wheeling his horse, he galloped back, without a word, to his men, and, rising in his stirrups, shouted, pointing with his sword to the Federal artillery:

"'Louisianians! can you take that battery?'"

"Wild cheers replied, and reaching at a bound the head of his column, Taylor ordered a charge upon the guns.

"They were four Louisiana regiments, one from Virginia, and Wheat's battalion of 'Tigers.' As they moved, loud cheers from the Federal lines on their left resounded—there the enemy was driving everything before him. They pressed on. The ground they moved over was terrible—steep, rugged, tangled, almost impassable. Still they proceed on. Up the rough ascent, through the undergrowth, scattering, but reforming quickly, they continued to advance.

"They have now reached a wood, beyond which a narrow valley of open ground only, divides them from the artillery they are to charge. From the left rises a roar of triumph more ferocious than the first; it is the Federal right wing driving Jackson's line before it.

"An echo to that shout comes back from the mountain. It

is the cheer of the Louisianians as they emerge from cover, sweep down the hill, and, crossing the valley, rush headlong toward the muzzles of the Federal artillery.

“It is the best charge of the war. There will be only one more as desperate—that of Pickett’s Virginians on the last day of Gettysburg. As they rush up the hill the Federal batteries direct upon them their most fatal thunders. Shell, round shot and grape are vomited in their faces—the ranks are torn asunder, and where a line but now advanced, are seen only dead bodies, without legs, without arms, without heads, with breasts torn open—the whole lying still, or weltering in pools of blood. The Louisianians have simply dashed into the mouths of the cannon; had their bodies torn to pieces; and are dead, or dying. Hays, De Choiseul, and one hundred and fifty-eight out of three hundred and eight men of the Seventh Louisiana have fallen. The other regiments tell the same story. The command is shattered; but enough men are left to mount the slope, seize the guns, and bury their bayonets in the breasts of the cannoneers as they fly. The Federal infantry supports recoil like the artillerists; the cannon are taken; Taylor holds the crest, every foot of which he has bought with blood.

“But he is not to retain it. A fresh brigade advances upon his weary handfull; a determined charge is made; the Louisianians are driven back by simple weight of numbers, and the enemy recapture the guns. But they have hard metal to deal with. No hammer stroke seems to break or even weaken it. The Louisianians again advance before the guns can be turned on them; make a furious countercharge, and a second time the guns are taken by them.

“Three times the Federal artillery was thus lost and won, in spite of the most desperate fighting. All honor to courage wherever it displays itself, under the blue coat or under the gray; and the Federal forces fought that day with a gallantry that was superb. They died where they stood, like brave men and true soldiers—an enemy records that, and salutes them.

“Taylor’s charge won the day of Port Republic. That battle belongs to Louisiana, and she has a right to be proud of it.

To meet the heavy assault thus directed against his left, General Shields was forced to send thither a large body of fresh troops. These were taken from his centre and right—thus Jackson's left and centre were relieved.

"The Federal guns had swept the field—Taylor had silenced them. The Federal infantry had concentrated in the centre—Taylor drew it off. That was the result of the great charge.

"Jackson saw all at a glance. The moment for the great blow had arrived. The enemy were moving to their left; that enabled him to move to his right.

"Then the gray masses were seen hastening toward the mountain, as though driven by the wind. Winder's old brigade formed in serried phalanx; his batteries redoubled their thunders. Connor rushed to the relief of Taylor, who, thus reinforced, turned like a tiger upon his foes. From that instant the battle was a wild, furious, insensate grapple. The mountain gorges thundered; the musketry rolled through the woods in one sustained and deafening crash. Under this resolute and unshrinking advance the Federal lines began preceptibly to hesitate and waver.

Hesitation in the decisive hour of battle is destruction. That last charge broke the army of General Shields to pieces. Struck in front by the musket fire, and torn in flank by the artillery, the Federal lines gave way; the Confederates rushed upon them—in ten minutes the battle field presented the tragic spectacle of one army flying in disorder before another pressing on with cheers of triumph.

"Fremont had been only checked; Shields was routed. His forces were pursued by infantry, artillery and cavalry, until they disappeared beyond a bend of the river, and Jackson was master of the country.

"'I never saw so many dead in such a small space in all my life before,' he said, as he rode over the field, but never was blood shed to more advantage.

"It was while Jackson rode thus slowly across the ground, that a roar came suddenly from the opposite bank of the river. Then shell began to whistle—and these shell burst right in the midst of the ambulances full of wounded, and the parties

then engaged in burying the Federal as well as Confederate dead. Mr. Cameron, chaplain of the First Maryland, was reading the burial service, when a cannon ball tore through the group, and the bearers dropped the dead. Now whence came that fire, so opposed, one would say, to the usages of war?

"It came from General Fremont. Unable to cross the river as Jackson had burned the bridge, and forced thus to witness the defeat of his Lieutenant before his very face, he vented his wrath upon the victor by that firing.

"That roar was a grim sound, but not so grim as the frown of Jackson.

"While the forces of Shields,' he wrote afterwards, 'were in full retreat, and our troops in pursuit, Fremont appeared on the opposite bank of the Shenandoah, with his army, and opened his artillery on our ambulances and parties engaged in the humane labors of attending to our dead and wounded, and the dead and wounded of the enemy.'

"Jackson makes no comment; let us imitate him, or nearly.

"It was natural, perhaps, that General Fremont should fire at gray uniforms; but did he know that those gray-clad soldiers were burying his own dead? Those were *Federal* dead we were burying, as well as Confederate; *Federal* souls were prayed for as well as others. It was a harsh interruption, that fire upon the dead men in blue uniforms, and it was a pity. They were brave—never men fought better.

"A few paragraphs will terminate this sketch of a memorable battle.

"Port Republic is a landmark. It sums up one epoch—after it, the war entered upon a new phase—invasion. It may be objected that Cold Harbor terminated this first epoch; but the reply is, that Port Republic decided Cold Harbor. From the moment when Jackson crushed the Federal column operating in the Valley, General Lee could concentrate the entire force in Virginia, in front of McClellan, and that concentration, as events showed, meant victory.

"Thus Port Republic was not only the successful termination of a rapid, shifting and arduous campaign—it was, besides

this, one of those peculiar contests which act upon events around them, as the keystone acts upon the arch. With Jackson beaten here, Richmond, humanly speaking, was lost, and with it Virginia. With Jackson victorious, Richmond and Virginia were saved, for McClellan was repulsed, and the Southern Cross moved northward to invade in turn the territory of the enemy.

"It is seen to have been a hard fight. At Manassas, Cold Harbor, Cedar Run, the second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and Petersburg, the Confederate forces were more or less outnumbered. At Port Republic Jackson fought nearly man to man—and victory was long doubtful. At one time the battle was lost; it was only gained at last by the fire, force, rush, and dogged obstinacy of the *élite* of the Southern troops, resolved to conquer or die.

"‘Through God’s blessing,’ Jackson wrote in his dispatch, the enemy near Port Republic was this day routed, with the loss of six pieces of his artillery.’

"That phrase, ‘through God’s blessing,’ probably indicated more in the silent soldier than others. At the moment when his lines were reeling an unseen Hand had seemed to support him, an invisible Power to fight for him. And he had triumphed.

"On the morning of the 10th of June, Jackson was free of the wind to move whithersoever he willed. Shields was beaten; Fremont retreating—the splendid prize of the Virginia Valley, for which the opponents had been playing so high a game, had fallen to the lot of Jackson. ‘What would he do with it?’ What were his plans?

"Six days afterwards a cavalier entered the little village of Mount Crawford, on the Valley turnpike, about midnight. In the middle of the street, deserted at that hour by all citizens, a solitary figure on horseback was awaiting the new comer.

"‘Ah! Colonel, here you are,’ came in brief tones from the lips of the motionless figure, ‘what news from the front?’

"‘All quiet, General,’ was the reply of the other, Colonel Buford, commanding the cavalry. He had received that day

a note from Jackson, directing him to 'meet him at eleven that night at the head of the street at Mount Crawford, and not to ask for him or anybody.'

"Jackson was punctually at the rendezvous, as has been seen; Colonel Munford arrived, and they now conversed for some time in low tones. When they parted, the Colonel had received his instructions, and returned to Harrisonburg.

"Let us follow the Colonel. At his headquarters were a number of Federal surgeons, with ambulances, come to carry off Fremont's wounded. To their request Colonel Munford replied that he must first send to Jackson for instructions, and a messenger was sent at once. He speedily returned, and in the hearing of the Federal surgeons, through a wooden partition, reported:

"General Jackson told me to tell you, Colonel, that the wounded Yankees are not to be taken away, and the surgeons are to be sent back with the message that *he* can take care of their wounded men in his hospital. He is coming right on himself, with heavy reinforcements. Whiting's division is up, and Hood's is coming. The whole road from here to Staunton is perfectly lined with troops, and so crowded that I could hardly ride along.'

"The Federal surgeons overheard every word of this, and when Colonel Munford summoned them in and informed them simply that Jackson would care for their wounded, they said no more. On the same day they returned to General Fremont. On the next, the whole Federal army fell back to Strasburg, and began to entrench against the anticipated attack.

"Colonel Munford had successfully carried out the order of the solitary horseman at Mount Crawford: 'Produce upon the enemy the impression that I am going to advance.'

"While Fremont was fortifying at Strasburg, Jackson was crossing the Blue Ridge to throw himself against the right wing of General McClellan in the Chickahominy.

CHAPTER X.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

FROM "THE CENTURY"—BY JAMES POWER SMITH.

I have taken from *The Century*, of 1886, an interesting description of Jackson's last battle, at Chancellorsville, by James Power Smith, which will be of interest to the readers of this book:

STONEWALL JACKSON'S LAST BATTLE.

At daybreak on the morning of the 29th of April, 1863, sleeping in our tents at corps headquarters, near Hamilton's Crossing, we were aroused by Major Samuel Hale, of Early's staff, with the stirring news that Federal troops were crossing the Rappahannock on pontoons under cover of a heavy fog. General Jackson had spent the night at Mr. Yerby's hospitable mansion near by, where Mrs. Jackson [his second wife] had brought her infant child for the father to see. He was at once informed, and promptly issued to his division commanders orders of preparation for action. At his direction, I rode a mile across the fields to army headquarters and, finding General Robert E. Lee still slumbering quietly, at the suggestion of Colonel Venable, whom I found stirring, I entered his tent and awoke the General. Turning his feet out of his cot, he sat upon its side, as I gave him the tidings from the front. Expressing no surprise, he playfully said: "Well, I thought I heard firing, and was beginning to think it was time some of you young fellows were coming to tell me what it was all about. Tell your good General that I am sure he knows that to do. I will meet him at the front very soon."

It was Sedgwick who had crossed, and marching along the river front to impress us with his numbers, was now intrenching his line on the river road, under cover of Federal batteries on the north bank.

All day long we lay in the old lines of the action of December preceding, watching the operation of the enemy. Nor did we move through the next day, the 30th of April. General Lee had been informed promptly by General J. E. B. Stuart, of the Confederate cavalry, of the movement in force by General Hooker across the Rappahannock upon Chancellorsville; and during the night of Thursday, April 30th, General Jackson withdrew his corps, leaving Early and his division with Barksdale's brigade to hold the old lines from Hamilton's Crossing along the rear of Fredericksburg.

By the light of a brilliant moon, at midnight, that passed into an early dawn of dense mist, the troops were moved, by the Old Mine road, out of sight of the enemy, until, about eleven A. M. of Friday, May 1st, they reached Anderson's position, confronting Hooker's advance from Chancellorsville, near the Tabernacle Church on the plank road. To meet the whole army of the Potomac, under Hooker, General Lee had of all arms about sixty thousand men. General Longstreet, with part of his corps, was absent below Petersburg. General Lee had two divisions of Longstreet's corps, Anderson's and McLaws', and Jackson's corps, consisting of four divisions, A. P. Hill's, D. H. Hill's, commanded by Rodes, Trimble's, commanded by Colston, and Early's; and about a hundred and seventy pieces of field artillery. The divisions of Anderson and McLaws had been sent from Fredericksburg to meet Hooker's advance from Chancellorsville; Anderson, on Wednesday, and McLaws, (except Barksdale's brigade, left with Early,) on Thursday. At the Tabernacle Church, about four miles east of Chancellorsville, the opposing forces met and brisk skirmishing began. On Friday Jackson, reaching Anderson's position, took command of the Confederate advance, and urged on his skirmish line under Brigadier-General Ramseur with great vigor. How the muskets rattled along a front of a mile or two, across the unfenced fields, and through the woodlands! What spirit was imparted to the line, and cheers rolled along its length, when Jackson, and then Lee himself, appeared riding abreast of the line along the plank road! Slowly but steadily the line advanced, until, at nightfall, all

Federal pickets and skirmishers were driven back upon the body of Hooker's force at Chancellorsville.

Here we reached a point a mile and a half from Hooker's lines, where a road turns down to the left toward the old Catherine Furnace [see maps in the September *Century*]; and here, at the fork of the roads, General Lee and General Jackson spent the night, resting on the pine straw, curtained only by the close shadow of the pine forest. A little after nightfall I was sent by General Lee upon an errand to General A. P. Hill, on the old stone turnpike, a mile or two north; and returning some time later with information of matters on our right, I found General Jackson retired to rest, and General Lee sleeping at the foot of a tree, covered with his army cloak. As I aroused the sleeper, he slowly sat up on the ground and said: "Ah, Captain, you have returned, have you? Come here and tell me what you have learned on the right." Laying his hand on me he drew me down by his side, and, passing his arm around my shoulder, drew me near to him in a fatherly way that told of his warm and kindly heart. When I had related such information as I had secured for him, he thanked me for accomplishing his commission, and then said he regretted that the young men about General Jackson had not relieved him of annoyance, by finding a battery of the enemy which had harrassed our advance, adding that the young men of that day were not equal to what they were when he was a young man. Seeing immediately that he was jesting and disposed to rally me, as he often did young officers, I broke away from the hold he had on me, which he tried to retain, and, as he laughed heartily through the stillness of the night, I went off to make a bed of my saddle-blanket, and, with my head in my saddle, near my horse's feet, was soon wrapped in the heavy slumber of a weary soldier.

Some time after midnight I was awakened by the chill of the early morning hours, and, turning over, caught a glimpse of a little flame on the slope above me, and sitting up to see what it meant, I saw, bending over a scant fire of twigs, two men seated on old cracker boxes and warming their hands over the little fire. I had but to rub my eyes and collect my

wits to recognize the figures of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Who can tell the story of that quiet council of war between two sleeping armies? Nothing remains on record to tell of plans discussed, and dangers weighed, and a great purpose formed, but the story of the great day so soon to follow.

It was broad daylight, and the thick beams of yellow sunlight came through the pine branches, when some one touched me rudely with his foot, saying, "Get up, Smith, the General wants you!" As I leaped to my feet the rhythmic click of the canteens of marching infantry caught my ear. Already in motion! What could it mean? In a moment I was mounted and at the side of the General, who sat on his horse by the roadside, as the long line of our troops cheerily, but in silence as directed, poured down the Furnace road. His cap was pulled low over his eyes, and, looking up from under the visor, with lips compressed, indicating the firm purpose within, he nodded to me, and in brief and rapid utterance, without a superfluous word, as though all were distinctly formed in his mind and beyond question, he gave me orders for our wagon and ambulance trains. From the open fields in our rear, at the head of the Cartharpin road, all trains were to be moved upon that road to Todd's tavern, and thence west by interior roads, so that our troops would be between them and the enemy at Chancellorsville.

My orders delivered and the trains set in motion, I returned to the sight of our night's bivouac, to find that General Jackson and staff had followed the marching column.

Who was the young ordnance officer who so kindly fed my horse at the tail of his wagon and then added the few camp biscuits which were breakfast, dinner and supper to me that day? Many thanks to my unknown friend.

Slow and tedious is the advance of a mounted officer who has to pass in narrow wood roads through dense thickets, the packed column of marching infantry, to be recognized all along the line and good-naturedly chaffed by many a gay-spirited fellow: "Say, here's one of Old Jack's little boys, let him by, boys!" in a most patronizing tone. "Have a good breakfast this morning, sonny?" "Better hurry up, or you'll catch it for getting

behind." "Tell Old Jack we're all a-comin'." "Don't let him begin the fuss till we get thar!" And so on, until about three P. M., after a ride of ten miles of tortuous road, I found the General, seated on a stump by the Brock road, writing this dispatch :

Near 3 P. M., May 2nd, 1863.

GENERAL: The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope so soon as practicable to attack.

I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with success.

Respectfully,

T. J. JACKSON,

Lieutenant-General.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

P. S.—The leading division is up, and the next two appear to be well closed.

T. J. J.

The place here mentioned as Chancellor's was also known as Dowdall's Tavern. It was the farm of the Rev. Melzi Chancellor, two miles west of Chancellorsville, and the Federal force found here and at Talley's a mile farther west, was the Eleventh Corps under General Howard. General Fitz Lee, with cavalry scouts, had advanced until he had view of the position of Howard's corps, and found them unprotected by pickets, and unsuspecting of a possible attack.

Reaching the Orange plank road, General Jackson himself rode with Fitz Lee to reconnoiter the position of Howard, and then sent the Stonewall Brigade of Virginia troops, under Brigadier-General Paxton, to hold the point where the Germanna plank road obliquely enters the Orange road. Leading the main column of his force farther on the Brock road to the old turnpike, the head of the column turned sharply eastward toward Chancellorsville. About a mile had been passed, when he halted and began the disposition of his forces to attack Howard.

Rodes' division, at the head of the column, was thrown into line of battle, with Colston forming the second line and A. P. Hill's the third, while the artillery under Colonel Stapleton Crutchfield moved in column on the road, or was parked in a field on the right. The well-trained skirmishers of Rodes' division, under Major Eugene Blackford, were thrown to the front. It must have been between five and six o'clock

in the evening, Saturday, May 2d, when these dispositions were completed. Upon his stout-built, long-paced little sorrel, General Jackson sat, with visor low over his eyes, and lips compressed, and with his watch in his hand. Upon his right sat General Robert E. Rodes, the very picture of a soldier, and every inch all that he appeared. Upon his right sat Major Blackford.

"Are you ready, General Rodes?" said Jackson.

"Yes, sir," said Rodes, impatient for the advance.

"You can go forward, then," said Jackson.

A nod from Rodes was order enough for Blackford, and then suddenly the woods rang with the bugle call, and back came the responses from bugles on the right and left, and the long line of skirmishers, through the wild thicket of undergrowth, sprang eagerly to their work, followed promptly by the quick steps of the line of battle. For a moment all the troops seemed buried in the depths of the gloomy forest, and then suddenly the echoes waked and swept the country for miles, never failing until heard at the headquarters of Hooker at Chancellorsville—the wild "rebel yell" of the long Confederate lines.

Never was assault delivered with grander enthusiasm. Fresh from the long winter's waiting, and confident from the preparation of the spring, the troops were in fine condition and in high spirits. The boys were all back from home or sick leave. "Old Jack" was there upon the road in their midst; there could be no mistake and no failure. And there were Rodes and A. P. Hill. Had they not seen and cheered as long and as loud as they were permitted the gay-hearted Stuart and the splendid Fitz Lee, with long beard and fiery charger? Was not Crutchfield's array of brass and iron "dogs of war" at hand, with Poague and Palmer, and all the rest, ready to bark loud and deep with half a chance?

Alas! for Howard and his unformed lines, and his brigades with guns stacked, and officers at dinner or asleep under the trees, and butchers deep in the blood of beeves! Scattered through field and forest, his men were preparing their evening meal. A little show of earthwork facing the south was quickly

taken by us in reverse from the west. Flying battalions are not flying buttresses for an army's stability. Across Talley's fields the rout begins. Over at Hawkin's hill, on the north of the road, Carl Schurz makes a stand, soon to be driven into the same hopeless panic. By the quiet Wilderness Church in the vale, leaving wounded and dead everywhere, by Melzi Chancellor's, on into the deep thicket again, the Confederate lines press forward—now broken and all disaligned by the density of bush that tears the clothes away; now halting to load and deliver a volley upon some regiment or fragment of the enemy that will not move as fast as others. Thus the attack upon Hooker's flank was a grand success, beyond the most sanguine expectation.

The writer of this narrative, an aide-de-camp of Jackson's, was ordered to remain at the point where the advance began, to be a centre of communication between the General and the cavalry on the flanks, and to deliver orders to detachments of artillery still moving up from the rear.

Whose fine black charger, with such elegant trappings, was that, deserted by his owner and found tied to a tree, which became mine only for that short and eventful nightfall?

It was about eight P. M., in the twilight, that, so comfortably mounted, I gathered my couriers about me and went forward to find General Jackson. The storm of battle had swept far on to the east, and become more and more faint to the ear, until silence came with night over the fields and woods. As I rode along that old turnpike, passing scattered fragments of Confederates looking for their regiments, parties of prisoners concentrating under guards, wounded men by the roadside and under the trees at Talley's and Chancellor's, I had reached an open field on the right, a mile west of Chancellorsville, when, in the dusky twilight, I saw horsemen near an old cabin in the field. Turning toward them, I found Rodes and his staff engaged in gathering the broken and scattered troops that had swept the two miles of battle field. "General Jackson is just ahead on the road, Captain," said Rodes; "tell him I will be here at this cabin if I am wanted." I had not gone a hundred yards before I heard firing, a shot or two, and

then a company volley upon the right of the road, and another upon the left. A few moments farther on I met Captain Murray Taylor, an aide of A. P. Hill's, with tidings that Jackson and Hill were wounded, and some around them killed, by the fire of their own men. Spurring my horse into a sweeping gallop, I soon passed the Confederate line of battle, and, some three or four rods on its front, found the General's horse beside a pine sapling on the left, and a rod beyond a little party of men caring for a wounded officer. The story of the sad event is briefly told, and very much in essentials as it came to me from the lips of the wounded General himself, and in everything confirmed and completed by those who were eyewitnesses and near companions.

When Jackson had reached the point where his line now crossed the turnpike, scarcely a mile west of Chancellorsville, and not half a mile from a line of Federal troops, he had found his front line unfit for the farther and vigorous advance he desired, by reason of the irregular character of the fighting, now right, now left, and because of the dense thickets, through which it was impossible to preserve alignment. Division commanders found it more and more difficult as the twilight deepened to hold their broken brigades in hand. Regretting the necessity of relieving the troops in front, General Jackson had ordered A. P. Hill's division, his third and reserve line, to be placed in front. While this change was being effected, impatient and anxious, the General rode forward on the turnpike, followed by two or three of his staff and a number of couriers and signal-sergeants. He passed the swampy depression and began the ascent of the hill toward Chancellorsville, when he came upon a line of the Federal infantry lying on their arms. Fired at by one or two muskets, (two musket balls from the enemy whistled over my head as I came to the front,) he turned and came back toward his line, upon the side of the road to his left. As he rode near to the Confederate troops just placed in position, and ignorant that he was in the front, the left company began firing to the front, and two of his party fell from their saddles dead—Captain Boswell, of the Engineers, and Sergeant Cunliffe, of the Signal Corps. Spurr-

ing his horse across the road to his right, he was met by a second volley from the right company of Pender's North Carolina Brigade. Under this volley, when not two rods from the troops, the General received three balls at the same instant. One penetrated the palm of his right hand and was cut out that night from the back of his hand. A second passed around the wrist of the left arm and out through the left hand. But a third ball passed through the left arm halfway from shoulder to elbow. The large bone of the upper arm was splintered to the elbow-joint, and the wound bled freely. His horse turned quickly from the fire, through the thick bushes, which swept the cap from the General's head, and scratched his forehead, leaving drops of blood to stain his face. As he lost his hold upon the bridle-rein, he reeled from the saddle, and was caught by the arms of Captain Milbourne, of the Signal Corps. Laid upon the ground, there came at once to his succor General A. P. Hill and members of his staff. The writer reached his side a minute after, to find General Hill holding the head and shoulders of the wounded chief. Cutting open the coat sleeve from wrist to shoulder, I found the wound in the upper arm, and with my handkerchief I bound the arm above the wound to stem the flow of blood. Couriers were sent for Dr. Hunter McGuire, the surgeon of the corps and the General's trusted friend, and for an ambulance. Being outside of our lines, it was urgent that he should be moved at once. With difficulty litter-bearers were brought from the line near by, the General placed upon the litter, and carefully raised to the shoulder, I myself bearing one corner. A moment after, artillery from the Federal side was opened upon us; great broadsides thundered over the woods; hissing shells searched the dark thickets through, and shrapnels swept the road along which we moved. Two or three steps farther, and the litter-bearer at my side was struck and fell, but, as the litter turned, Major Watkins Leigh, of Hill's staff, happily caught it. But the fright of the men was so great that we were obliged to lay the litter and its burden down upon the road. As the litter-bearers ran to the cover of the trees, I threw myself by the General's side, and held him firmly to the ground as he attempted to rise. Over

us swept the rapid fire of shot and shell—grape shot striking fire upon the flinty rock of the road all around us, and sweeping from their feet horses and men of the artillery just moved to the front. Soon the firing veered to the other side of the road, and I sprang to my feet, assisted the General to rise, passed my arm around him, and with the wounded man's weight thrown heavily upon me, we forsook the road. Entering the woods, he sank to the ground from exhaustion, but the litter was soon brought, and again rallying a few men, we essayed to carry him farther, when a second bearer fell at my side. This time, with none to assist, the litter careened and the General fell to the ground, with a groan of deep pain. Greatly alarmed, I sprang to his head, and, lifting his head as a stray beam of moonlight came through clouds and leaves, he opened his eyes and wearily said, "Never mind me, Captain, never mind me." Raising him again to his feet, he was accosted by Brigadier-General Pender: "Oh, General, I hope you are not seriously wounded. I will have to retire my troops to reform them, they are so much broken by this fire." But Jackson, rallying his strength, with firm voice said, "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold your ground, sir!" and so uttered his last command on the field.

Again we resorted to the litter, and with difficulty bore it through the bush, and then under hot and angry fire along the road. Soon an ambulance was reached, and stopping to seek some stimulant at Chancellor's, (Dowdall's Tavern,) we were found by Dr. McGuire, who at once took charge of the wounded man. Through the night, back over the battle field of the afternoon, we reached the Wilderness store, and in a field on the north the field-hospital of our corps under Dr. Harvey Black. Here we found a tent prepared, and after midnight the left arm was amputated near the shoulder, and a ball taken from the right hand.

All night long it was mine to watch by the sufferer, and keep him warmly wrapped and undisturbed in his sleep. At nine A. M., on the next day, when he aroused, cannon firing again filled the air, and all the Sunday through the fierce battle raged, General J. E. B. Stuart commanding the Confed-

erates in Jackson's place. A dispatch was sent to the commanding General to announce formally his disability—tidings General Lee had received during the night with profound grief. There came back the following note:

GENERAL: I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead.

I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.

Most truly yours,

R. E. LEE, General.

When this dispatch was handed to me at the tent, and I read it aloud, General Jackson turned his face away and said, "General Lee is very kind, but he should give the praise to God."

The long day was passed with bright hopes for the wounded General, with tidings of success on the battle field, with sad news of losses, and messages to and from other wounded officers brought to the same infirmary.

On Monday the General was carried in an ambulance, by way of Spotsylvania Courthouse, to most comfortable lodging at Chandler's, near Guinea Station, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad. And here, against our hopes, notwithstanding the skill and care of wise and watchful surgeons, watched day and night by wife and friends, amid the prayers and tears of all the Southern land, thinking not of himself, but of the cause he loved, and for the troops who had followed him so well and given him so great a name, our chief sank day by day, with symptoms of pneumonia and some pains of pleurisy, until, at 3:15 P. M., on the quiet of the Sabbath afternoon, May 10th, 1863, he raised himself from his bed, saying, "No, no, let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees;" and, falling again to his pillow, he passed away, "over the river," where, in a land where warfare is not known or feared, he rests forever, "under the trees."

His shattered arm was buried in the family burying-ground of the Ellwood place—Major J. H. Lacy's—near his last battle field.

His body rests, as he himself asked, "in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia." The spot where he was so fatally wounded in the shades of the Wilderness is marked by a large quartz rock, placed there by the care of his chaplain and friend, the Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy, and the latter's brother, Major J. H. Lacy, of Ellwood.

Others must tell the story of Confederate victory at Chancellorsville. It has been mine only, as in the movement of that time, so with my pen now, to follow my general himself. Great, the world believes him to have been in many elements of generalship; he was greatest and noblest in that he was good, and, without a selfish thought, gave his talent and his life to a cause that, as before the God he so devoutly served, he deemed right and just.



CHAPTER XI.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

In the hall of memory, there hangs a picture, put there in 1864. The Second Regiment of cavalry, gay, rollicking boys, were bivouacked in the Valley of Virginia in 1864, some of the boys racing horses, some foot racing, some playing cards, some cooking their rations.

I was strolling through a piece of woods in deep meditation, when my attention was attracted by some unknown cause, I know not what, to a small tree, at the root of which was a young man, lost to all the noise of camp, on his knees communing with his God. I stopped to look, and never since has that picture passed from my mind. To see one alone with his God calls a halt on the most reckless man. He was then pleading with his Heavenly Protector for the dear ones at home, to guide him out of all the temptations that surrounded him, to preserve his country, and, if it was His will, to return him home.

This soldier, dear reader, was a Hero in Gray, and lives to-day, showing to the world, by his kindly deeds and humble walk, the good man can do for his fellow-man, also, in drawing him up to a higher plane by his noble, Christian example. He is, at this time, at the head of a large wholesale business in one of the cities of Virginia.



CHAPTER XII.

A FRIGHT ON PICKET.

Reader, were you ever scared so that you felt the hair rise on your head? When General Jackson fell back from Cross Keys to Port Republic, the Second Regiment brought up the rear of the army, and my company was stationed at the bridge across the Shenandoah river, to burn it as soon as all the troops had passed over; when the bridge was clear, we set fire to it, and by that time the fight known as the battle of Port Republic was over and the Yankees in full retreat, with the Second Regiment of cavalry after them, down the river.

When our company reached the battle field, it was stationed all around the field on picket, to watch General Fremont's army on the other side of the river. The river being very high and the bridge burnt, they could not cross. My whole attention was drawn to the other side of the river. From the confusion that was going on, they appeared to be getting ready to rebuild a bridge.

My position was just under a mountain cliff; I thought I heard the talking of some one in a low voice and, looking up, saw six men come creeping down through the bushes, and they were dressed in blue. What thoughts came over me! I did not know what to do. I raised my gun, and heard the voice of the Captain say, "shoot him down if he puts that gun to his shoulder." Just about that time they came near enough for me to see "Mississippi Volunteers" on their caps—oh! what a relief! I said to him: "What in the world do you want to shoot me for, don't you see I have on the gray overcoat?" He said: "The overcoat does not count for anything; it's that thing you have on your head that called my attention to you." I put my hand to my head and took off my blue smoking-cap. I had forgotten all about it. A few days before, in a terrible cavalry stampede at Newmarket, I had lost my cap, overcoat and blanket, and a comrade had lent me this smoking-cap.

I was sent next day to bring in the picket; stopping at a farm house to get breakfast, and telling the lady of the narrow escape I had the day before on account of the blue cap. she kindly gave me a hat that lasted a long time.

If any of Brown's Mississippi Scouts are living, and can see this article, they will remember the incident.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FIGHT FROM RACCOON FORD TO BRANDY STATION.

You read in history of charges at fords, how they are taken, etc. Let me tell you about one that I had a hand in.

When General Lee started around Meade to get to Manassas before he (Meade) did, Fitz Lee's cavalry was in front of the enemy to hide the movements of General Lee. Wickham's Brigade was at Raccoon Ford, on the Rapidan. On the Culpeper side were drawn up long lines of the "Boys in Blue," and on the river side was stationed a heavy force of sharpshooters to defend the Ford; no time was to be lost, the Ford had to be taken; the old Second Regiment was to lead the way. Ah, reader, to think about it now tingles the blood!

Down the hill the regiment went, and at the head of it rode the gallant Colonel Munford and his adjutant, the brave Captain Lomax Tayloe, and John Casey, the bugler. We marched in column of fours. Soon the keen notes of the bugle sound out the charge—on we go into the river, splashing and dashing amid fire and shot; the brave Tayloe falls dead, with many others killed and wounded. The Ford is cleared and then we go after the blue lines. Charge after charge is made by Wickham's old brigade, and we soon have them on the run; the gallant John Nelson, surgeon of the Second Regiment, falls dead at the head of it. The Federals retreat to Stephensburg, and from that commanding position make a stand.

At Stephensburg the old Fifth Squadron, lead by Captains Whitehead, and Jesse Irvine, was put in front of the regiment; our cavalry was scattered over a level plain, and halted. The Federal cavalry, with their artillery, were marshalled on the heights around Stephensburg. Their position was far better than ours to resist an attack, and their artillery could play upon our forces with terrific results. A cannon ball from the

Federal artillery struck near our brigade and ricocheted down the line, killed Captain Jesse Irvine's horse, and knocked his leg off, with other fatal results. Captain Irvine was a gallant officer, and how often we missed him afterwards!

In the first set of fours, in the Fifth Squadron, on the right, rode "The Gallant," to the left rode "Big Laze," and to his left "Neely" and "Little Jimmie." We hear the bugle of the Federals sound out a charge, and down the heights they come, marching in columns of fours. As they near the Fifth Squadron's position, "Big Laze" says "'Gallant,' let's give them the best we have in the shop." We hear the voice of that brave man and splendid officer, Captain Tom Whitehead, "Forward! charge!" Reader, it was a charge! Sabre in hand, we went at them; had them broken and scattered all over the valley; and, as they broke, the other squadrons came up, and no more did they rally until they reached Brandy Station, where, after a short skirmish, they retreated across the Rappahannock.

Long years have passed since then, boys, and

"We who were true to our country and God,
Will report at the grand reveille."



CHAPTER XIV.

GENERAL JEB STUART.

“What part of the war were you in?”

“I was in the cavalry, and belonged to the Second Virginia Regiment, as gay and rollicking a set of men as ever got together; and I want to tell you of my General, whom I consider the greatest cavalry general of modern times.

“He was born in Patrick county, the youngest son of seven children, tenderly cared for by a pious mother and surrounded by all the influences of a happy home. He received his college training at Emory and Henry College, and there he professed religion. He received his appointment to West Point in 1850, and graduated with high honors. He was quick to resent any insult offered by boys, such as will be given when so many boys are together.

“Here are some extracts from letters between himself and his father, showing their great love for and confidence in each other. The first letter is from the father to the son :

“‘I am proud to say that your conduct has given me entire satisfaction. I heard, it is true, (but no thanks to you for the information,) of the little scrape in which you involved yourself; but I confess, from what I understand of the transaction, I did not consider you so much to blame. An insult should be resented under all circumstances. If a man in your circumstances gains credit by submitting to an insult as a strict observer of discipline, he loses more in proportion in his standing as a gentleman and a man of courage.’

“Again he writes :

“‘I have received your letter, and much regret that you have been involved in another fighting scrape. My dear son, I can excuse more readily a fault of the sort you have committed, in which you maintained your character as a man of honor and courage, than all most any other. But I hope you will hereafter, as far as possible, avoid getting into difficulties in which such maintenance may be demanded at your hands.’

“The next is a letter from Stuart to his father during his last year at West Point:

“‘I have not as yet any fixed course determined upon after graduation; still I can’t help but regard it as the important crisis of my life. Two courses will be left for my adoption, the profession of arms and that of law; the one securing an ample support, with a life of hardship and uncertainty—laurels, if any, dearly bought, and leaving an empty title as a bequeathment; the other an overcrowded thoroughfare, which may or may not yield a support—may possibly secure honors, but of doubtful worth. Each has its labors and its rewards. In making the selection I will rely upon the guidance of Him whose judgment cannot err, for “it is not with man that walketh to direct his steps.”’

“When Stuart had entered upon his military career, his father writes to him in the following manner:

“‘Before I conclude I must express the deep solicitude I feel on your account. Just embarking in military life, (a life which tests, perhaps, more than any other, a young man’s prudence and steadiness,) at an immense distance from your friends, great responsibility rests upon your shoulders. It is true that you have, to start with, good morals, fortified by religion; a good temper and a good constitution, which, if preserved, will carry you through the trial safely. But the temptations of a camp to a young man of sanguine temperament, like yourself, are not to be trifled with or despised. I conjure you to be constantly on your guard, repelling and avoiding the slightest approach towards vice or immorality. You have to go through a fiery ordeal, but it is one through which many great and pious men have gone unscathed. But the greater portion have not escaped unscorched, and many have perished. Your military training at West Point will strengthen you greatly in the struggle. By it you have been taught the necessity of strict subordination to superiors, and of kind and conciliatory manners towards equals; and I trust that you will carry those lessons into practice, now that you have exchanged the academy for the camp.’

“Soon after he graduated he was assigned to duty in Texas

with a regiment, where he served with gallantry. He was promoted to Lieutenant of the First Regiment of United States Cavalry.

"Next we see him in Washington as volunteer aid to Colonel R. E. Lee, to capture John Brown, the great insurrectionist whose 'soul is still marching on.'

"Then the civil war broke out, and Stuart, true to his native State, resigned his position in the United States Army, and offered his services to Virginia. Now, Bena, hand me that book on the table.

When I have found the place I read as follows what "A Rebel's Recollections" has to say of this great general during the first year of the war :

"'In the great dining-hall of the Briars, an old-time mansion in the Shenandoah Valley, the residence of Mr. John Esten Cooke, there hangs a portrait of a broad-shouldered cavalier, and beneath is written, in the hand of the cavalier himself,

'Yours to count on,

J. E. B. STUART,'

an autograph sentiment which seems to me a very perfect one in its way. There was no point in Stuart's character more strongly marked than the one here hinted at. He was 'yours to count on' always ; your friend if possible, your enemy if you would have it so, but your friend or your enemy 'to count on,' in any case. A franker, more transparent nature it is impossible to conceive. What he was he professed to be. That which he thought, he said, and his habit of thinking as much good as he could of those about him served to make his frankness of speech a great friend-winner.'

"I saw him for the first time when he was a colonel, in command of the little squadron of horsemen known as the First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry. The company to which I belonged was assigned to this regiment immediately after the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by the Confederates. General Johnston's army was at Winchester, and the Federal force under General Patterson lay around Martinsburg. Stuart, with his three or four hundred men, was encamped at Bunker Hill,

about midway between the two, and thirteen miles from support of any kind. He had chosen this position as a convenient one from which to observe the movements of the enemy, and the tireless activity which marked his subsequent career so strongly had already begun. As he afterwards explained, it was his purpose to train and school his men, quite as much as anything else, that prompted the greater part of his madcap expeditions at this time; and if there be virtue in practice as a means of perfection, he was certainly an excellent schoolmaster.

"My company arrived at the camp about noon, after a march of three or four days, having traveled twenty miles that morning. Stuart, whom we encountered as we entered the camp, assigned us our position, and ordered our tents pitched. Our captain, who was even worse disciplined than we were, seeing a much more comfortable camping place than the muddy one assigned to us, and being a comfort-loving gentleman, proceeded to lay out a model camp at a distance of fifty yards from the spot indicated. It was not long before the Colonel particularly wished to consult with that captain, and after the consultation the volunteer officer was firmly convinced that all West Point graduates were martinets, with no knowledge whatever of the courtesies due from one gentleman to another.

"We were weary after our long journey, and disposed to welcome the prospect of rest which our arrival in the camp held out. But resting, as we soon learned, had small place in our Colonel's tactics. We had been in camp perhaps an hour, when an order came directing that the company be divided into three parts, each under command of a lieutenant, and that these report immediately for duty. Reporting, we were directed to scout through the country around Martinsburg, going as near the town as possible, and to give battle to any cavalry force we might meet. Here was a pretty lookout, certainly! Our officers knew not one inch of the country, and might fall into all sorts of traps and ambuscades; and what if we should meet a cavalry force greatly superior to our own? This West Point colonel was rapidly forfeiting our good

opinion. Our lieutenants were brave fellows, however, and they led us boldly, if ignorantly, almost up to the very gates of the town occupied by the enemy. We saw some cavalry, but met none, their orders not being so peremptorily beligerent, perhaps, as ours were; wherefore, they gave us no chance to fight them. The next morning our unreasonable colonel again ordered us to mount, in spite of the fact that there were companies in the camp which had done nothing at all the day before. This time he led us himself, taking pains to get us, as nearly as possible, surrounded by infantry, and then laughingly telling us that our chance for getting out of the difficulty, except by cutting our way through, was an exceedingly small one. I think we began about this time to suspect that we were learning something, and that this reckless colonel was trying to teach us. But that he was a hair-brained fellow, lacking the caution belonging to a commander, we were unanimously agreed. He led us out of the place at a rapid gait, before the one gap in the enemy's lines could be closed, and then jauntily led us into one or two other traps before taking us back to camp.

"But it was not until General Patterson began his feint against Winchester that our colonel had full opportunity to give us his field lectures. When the advance began, and our pickets were driven in, the most natural thing to do, in our view of the situation, was to fall back upon our infantry supports at Winchester, and I remember hearing various expressions of doubt as to the colonel's sanity when, instead of falling back, he marched his handful of men right up to the advancing lines, and ordered us to dismount. The Federal skirmish line was coming toward us at a double-quick, and we were set going toward it at a like rate of speed, leaving our horses hundreds of yards to the rear. We could see that the skirmishers alone outnumbered us three or four times, and it really seemed that our colonel meant to sacrifice his command deliberately. He waited until the infantry was within about two hundred yards of us, we being in the edge of a little grove, and they on the other side of an open field. Then Stuart cried out, 'Backwards—march! steady, men—keep

your faces to the enemy!’ and we marched in that way through the timber, delivering our shot-gun fire slowly as we fell back toward our horses. Then mounting, with the skirmishers almost upon us, we retreated, not hurriedly, but at a slow trot, which the colonel would on no account permit us to change into a gallop. Taking us out into the main road, he halted us in column, with our backs to the enemy.

“‘Attention!’ he cried. ‘Now, I want to talk to you, men. You are brave fellows, and patriotic ones, too, but you are ignorant of this kind of work, and I am teaching you. I want you to observe that a good man on a good horse can never be caught. Another thing: cavalry can *trot* away from anything, and a gallop is a gait unbecoming a soldier, unless he is going towards the enemy. Remember that. We gallop toward the enemy, and trot away, always. Steady, now. Don’t break ranks.’

“And, as the words left his lips, a shell from a battery half a mile to the rear, hissed over our heads.

“‘There,’ he resumed; ‘I’ve been waiting for that, and watching those fellows. I knew they’d shoot too high, and I wanted you to learn how shells sound.’

“We see him bringing up the rear of Johnston’s army in the Valley, when Johnston was joining Beauregard at First Manassas.

“This is the account General Jubal Early gives of the part Stuart took in the battle of First Manassas:

“‘Stuart did as much toward saving the battle of First Manassas as any subordinate who participated in it; and yet he has never received any credit for it in the official reports or otherwise. His own report is very brief and indefinite.’

“Now, I will tell you something that I know about him.

“Trained from his youth to love the beautiful and all innocent amusements, he was very fond of show, flowers, music, and everything that would while away the monotony of camp life, and his headquarters was one grand fund of amusements.

“There was a young man in the Second Regiment who played splendidly on the banjo, and who was a brother of the world-widely famous banjo player, Joe Sweeny. Stuart found

him out, and had him detailed as a courier at his headquarters. Here is an account which 'Surry of Eagle's Nest' gives of a scene between Stuart and Sweeny, at which he was present. Surry had accepted an invitation from Stuart to ride with him, and then the General seemed to banish official business from his mind :

" 'He turned his head and called out "Sweeny!" and there rode forward from his escort a tall, mild-looking man, of deferential bearing, who carried under his arm an old-fashioned Virginia banjo.

" 'Come! strike up Sweeny,' Stuart exclaimed, in a jovial voice. 'Here is Captain Surry—give him a specimen of your music.'

" 'Sweeny saluted me with sad and deferential courtesy, and I expected him to play something like a dead march on his instrument. Never was any one more mistaken. He struck up that popular song, 'O Lord, ladies! don't you mind Stephen!' and if ever spirit of wild and uproarious mirth spoke from any instrument it was heard in the notes of Sweeny's banjo. After finishing this gay air, with its burden, 'Come back, Stephen!—come back!' he played a medley with wonderful skill—a comic *vis* that was irresistible; and then Stuart, lying back on his horse for laughter, cried :

" 'Now give us the 'Old Gray Hoss,' Sweeny!'

" 'And Sweeny commenced that most celebrated of recitations, which I heard and laughed at a hundred times afterward, but never without thinking of that gay spring scene—the long line of cavalry winding through the May forest, with Stuart at their head, shouting with laughter as he rode, and joining in the chorus, like an uproarious boy.

" 'Sweeny played then, in succession, 'O Johnny Booker, help this nigger!' 'Sweet Evelina,' and 'Faded Flowers,' for this great musician could pass from gay to sad, and charm you more with his sentimental songs than he amused you with his comic *repertoire*. In the choruses Stuart joined—singing in a sonorous voice with a perfectly correct ear.'

" 'You will see from this that he was full of fun when in camp or on the march, but never neglectful of his duty. He was a soldier who never tired, and he expected every other

soldier to be the same way. He could lead his command into the tightest kind of places and get them out with the least possible danger. He seemed to take a pride in it.

"Before the seven days fighting around Richmond, he took his cavalry around McClellan's army with hardly any loss, and brought General Lee all the information that was needed to drive McClellan's army back to the James river under protection of their gun-boats.

"On the morning of the battle of Fredericksburg, as our regiment was going to take their position, we passed him and his staff on the side of the road. He looked as calm and serene as if going to a party.

"At Chancellorsville, when Jackson and A. P. Hill were wounded, Stuart was sent for to take command of Jackson's corps. He took command and went in with a dash, singing 'Old Joe Hooker, won't you go out the Wilderness?' and he did go a great deal faster than he came.

"The next we see of him is on the plains of Culpeper, May, 1863. There I saw more cavalry than I thought the Confederacy possessed. Stuart was by the side of General Lee, his horse all wreathed with flowers some young ladies had that day sent him. His fun-loving spirit and pride were there the same as if he had been a boy. Nearly thirty years have passed since then, and that scene is as fresh in memory as if it were passing before me at the present moment.

"The enemy, hearing the noise of the sham-battle we had, sent a large force up to see what was going on. The next day, on the plains of Culpeper, near Brandy Station, there took place the hardest cavalry fight of the war.

"Once my squadron had been on picket, and we were ordered to join the regiment. We met General Stuart and his staff, being pursued by the enemy. As he came back, he ordered my captain to take position on the hill where we met him, and hold it at all hazards until he could send up a brigade. That was a time that reminded me of Joshua marching around Jericho. There was a little forest on that hill, and for two hours we marched in and out of that woods, creating the impression on the enemy that we had a large body of men up

there. After a time reinforcements came, a bloody fight ensued, and the enemy retreated.

"I shall never forget the raid made under Stuart at Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania. We arrived at Chambersburg just before dark, and lay around there all night. Next morning our column was standing in the road when Stuart and his staff came dashing by. He exclaimed: 'Who ordered this column to halt? Forward is the word!' and from that time till we reached the banks of the Potomac it was continually march, march, march. It seemed as if I would fall asleep with my eyes open. I would find my horse standing in the corner of a fence, just as tired as he could be and the regiment gone. Then I would have to make a forced march to catch up. When we reached the banks of the Potomac we could see the Virginia hills, and the dear old State never looked more inviting. But we were not to get into the State with all possible ease, for there below us lay the river guarded by a strong guard of the enemy, and though we all believed in our General, and that he could lead us out of almost any tight place we got into, yet now we thought all was up with us.

"My company was ordered to dismount and take position as sharpshooters on the side of the mountain near the ford. I often think now of the tough place I was in. In some way my gun had become disabled—there I was with the sharpshooters without any arms. What was I to do? I determined to go in with them whether I was killed or not, as I didn't intend to make any excuse. I don't believe in soldiers making excuses. Then there was a charge made on the ford by another column, the guard was overpowered, and then such a rush to cross before the enemy could bring up reinforcements never was seen. It seemed as if our deliverance was a special act of Providence, an answer to prayer, for petitions went up from thousands of hearts that day.

"We marched three or four miles into Virginia, laid ourselves down to rest, slept as sweetly, and dreamed of home and loved ones, as if nothing had ever happened."

"Papa, what did General Lee think of General Stuart?"

"General Lee just believed that he was the eyes and ears of

the army, for he said once, after he was killed, that when Stuart was alive he knew everything that was going on in the enemy's lines.

"General Stuart seemed to get into tighter places than any general that ever lived. I remember that when General Lee was trying to flank Meade's army and get to Manassas the third time, General Stuart had part of the cavalry on one road and General Fitz Lee had the other portion on another road.

"Stuart was watching a column of Meade's army just about sun-down. A second column of the enemy marched up another road and went into bivouac, and Stuart found himself surrounded by the enemy's infantry when dark came on. That was a perilous position for a soldier to find himself in—he, with a thousand or so men under his command, and surrounded by thousands. The very horses took in the position and made not a sound.

"During the night Stuart sent out couriers on foot to get to General Lee, if possible, to inform him of the situation and ask for aid. Neither men nor horses gave up their vigilance, but stood watch all night.

"As day broke, his eagle eye took in at a glance their weak point. Voiceless passed along the line 'Prepare for action!' and, with one grand dash, he passed out of the enemy's lines and was safe. Early that morning the cavalry to which I was attached formed into line of march, and we saw way off on another road a large body of cavalry coming down. Two or three of us were sent to find out what cavalry it was. We returned with the report that it was Stuart's. Just about that time Stuart with his staff came dashing down the line, and you just ought to have heard the shouts that went up. Just the thought of it makes me feel good now!

"Many a time have I seen him come on the field with his gay staff, and his red battle-flag flying, and it made me feel as if we had been reinforced by a thousand men.

"Many things could I tell of him, but I must bring this little sketch to a close.

"The last time I saw him was at the battle of the Wilderness. We had been fighting all the morning of the 8th of

May, resisting the enemy's Fifth Corps, holding the key to General Lee's position, and the day was so long that it seemed as if the sun stood still. We commenced at daylight and held the position until the enemy got nearly all around us, when we were ordered out. We fell back about a mile, where we were reinforced by the infantry, and the cavalry was ordered to the left of General Lee's line. General Stuart and his staff came by, and I remember one of the staff calling out to our Captain, 'The road to liberty is a rough one.'

"The next day we were sent out after Sheridan, who was making his onward march to Richmond. Our regiment struck the rear of his cavalry at Beaver Dam, and there we had a terrible hand to hand fight with the enemy. My horse was shot down. Many of the men of my company were wounded and one killed, and, as I was dismounted, I was left to take charge of them and care for them. The regiment went on and joined the rest of the cavalry, who were trying to get ahead of Sheridan.

"The day after they met him at Yellow Tavern, and in that great fight Stuart received the death wound which closed the career of the greatest cavalry general of any time.

"I shall never forget the day I heard of his death. I was away off, near Beaver Dam, surrounded by my own wounded comrades, and many of the enemy's wounded had been left under my care, also. I felt so sad, and I went around whispering the sad news to our boys, trying to keep it from the enemy, thinking they would rejoice to hear that our great commander was dead. However, they found it out, and sorrowed as much as we did, for they had as great respect for him as we had."

"Wasn't it a pity that Stuart was killed, papa?"

"To us it does look so, but God had served his purpose. He wanted to show to the world that a child raised by pious parents could be pure, could be good, could enjoy all the innocent amusements and all that was beautiful in this life, faithful to duty in whatever vocation he was engaged, and yet be a loving, dutiful son of God, saying, when dying, 'If it is God's will, I am ready.'

"Such was the life of General J. E. B. Stuart."

CHAPTER XV.

**HOW ONE FEELS WHEN WAKING OUT OF
A FREEZE.**

About the first of March, 1864, while our brigade was in camp on the Montpelier farm, in Virginia, the gallant Federal general and brave soldier, Custer, started from his camp in Culpeper, for a raid on Charlottesville, Virginia.

The news came to our camp about noon of the day that Custer was marching on Charlottesville, and General Jeb Stuart immediately set out after him with our brigade.

We had not gone far before a courier reported that the enemy was falling back into his lines. General Stuart then turned his march to intercept him.

It was now night—a dark and rainy night, and so cold that the water froze as it fell; and, notwithstanding this, for us it was continually march, march, march!

It was General Stuart's intention to get to a certain road and ambush the enemy as they passed, and on reaching this road, about three o'clock in the morning, we got into position. We drew up in line of battle in a deep woods, while it still continued to rain and freeze. It was the most disagreeable night I ever saw. And now, after all our hard marching, instead of passing the road, the enemy went into bivouac near Green Courthouse.

In the mean time, while sitting on our horses in line of battle, just before day, from the cold and freezing, I fell asleep. It was a sleep from which I came very near never waking.

How it was found out that I was asleep I never knew, for the first thing I did know was that I was being rubbed and trotted around in an effort to arouse some circulation in me.

As first the blood commenced to circulate, and then a little warmth to steal over my body, and finally a glorious heat—I

can give it no better description than that of the smoke oozing out of a charcoal-kiln.

Just after I was aroused and the life gotten back into me, we were ordered out to seek the enemy, as they had not passed our ambush at day-dawn, and it was not long before we found them. The day was a fitting follower of the preceeding night, and, to my mind, neither party wanted to see an enemy.

In a short time skirmishing commenced, and then I forgot all about my condition. Into the fight we went, but it was not long before the brave Custer had us on the run, and such running for about three miles had not been seen since the Bull Run fight.

As soon as Custer had brushed us out of his way, he went back to his quarters in Culpeper; we fell back to ours at Montpelier, where I had to lay up for two weeks, getting well of the freeze.

Dear old camp on Montpelier farm! Years have passed since the terrible times that caused us to make our rough home there! We will never forget the happy hours spent on your hills and in your forests!



CHAPTER XVI.

BENEATH THE CHIMNEYS TALL.

Where spiders stretch their silv'ry webs to compass 'bout their prey ;
Where mice hold wanton revelry all night till rosy day ;
Where trees and clouds are ever near ; where people seldom call,
There dwells a very funny world, beneath the chimneys tall.

There tigers, bears and elephants abide for aye in peace ;
The lion flings his tawny length beside the lamb's white fleece ;
And woolly dogs there are that never bark or bite at all,
And blue-eyed China pussy cats, beneath the chimneys tall.

A chestnut cob with winding horn still at the saddle bow,
Who's won the brush in many a chase, no more the field may know ;
Two legs are off, his tail is gone, his nose chipped by a fall—
He's pastured in the meadow lots, beneath the chimneys tall.

And horrid war has left his mark in this secluded place ;
A score of soldiers headless lie—a captain in gold lace ;
The deadly black-mouthed cannon piece that sent the fatal ball
Is falling sadly to decay, beneath the chimneys tall.

Fair waxen dames with faded cheeks and gowns of silver sheen
Dwell sadly now upon the days of glory they have seen ;
And gentlemen who once were first at tournament and ball
Have all retired to private life, beneath the chimneys tall.

Old drums that never more will drum and horns that will not blow,
Flags that forever more are furled, steamships that will not go,
With trains of cars and bloeks enough to build a Chinese wall,
Are gathered all within the space beneath the chimneys tall.

Where spiders stretch their silv'ry webs to compass 'bout their prey ;
Where mice hold wanton revelry all night till rosy day ;
Where trees and clouds are ever near ; where people seldom call,
There dwells a very funny world, beneath the chimneys tall.

—EDITH K. STOKELY, IN BANNER OF GOLD.

CHAPTER XVII.

REMINISCENCES.

FUN ON PICKET.

In the winter of 1863, on the historic banks of the Rappahannock river, a squad of gay fellows, "E" Company, of the Second Virginia Cavalry, were on picket.

Every soldier in the company had a nick-name. In that crowd were, "Heart Buster," "Neely," "Jack Tar," "Jim Tige," "Soldier Jimmy," "Gun Boat," and "The Gallant."

A half-grown lad had come every day to picket headquarters to sell pies. If there is anything a soldier loves it is pies! Soldiers' wits are always ready when grub is to be had, and all the boys got together to hatch up a plan—"Neely" was to have a fit the next time the lad appeared with his basket of pies.

The next day the boy came with a splendid lot, and after being in the room awhile, suddenly "Neely" commenced foaming at the mouth, and growling. "Heart Buster" and "The Gallant" jumped at "Neely" to hold him, and in the scuffle placed themselves between the boy and the basket of pies. The boy, becoming alarmed, cried out, "What's the matter, what's the matter?" "Gun Boat" and "Soldier Jimmy" said, "Boy, fly, fly for your life, the 'Bengal fit' is on him!" Basket and pies were forgotten, and the boy left with hair standing like quills on a fretful porcupine, and coat-tail straight out.

How we enjoyed those pies! The boy came no more, too glad to get away. The kind lady who lived near the picket post, called next morning to inquire about "the young man who had the fit yesterday." "Heart Buster" laughingly explained the joke, but we saw the boy no more.

HOW A PRIVATE GOT THE BEST OF AN OFFICER.

In the winter of 1864 an officer and two privates were cross-

ing the Blue Ridge mountains, through Tye River Gap; night was fast approaching when they got into Rockbridge county.

In those days it was hard to find a place to stay, as horse feed and rations were very scarce. One of the privates said, "I know the name of a man who lives in these parts, and if we can find him I think we can stay there." The question was asked, "How do you know anybody up here, when you came from another part of the State?" He said, "Well, I'll tell you; a young lady," giving her name, "visited my part of the State, I became acquainted with her and paid her a good deal of attention—the man I referred to is her father."

By inquiring around they found where the gentleman lived, and they rode up to the house at a late hour. In those days if a man wore a little stripe on his collar he was considered the best of the crowd, therefore the privates put the officer forward to do the talking. They aroused the master of the place and the Captain introduced himself as Captain of the Second Virginia Cavalry, and said, "Can I get lodging for myself and two men and feed for my horses to-night?" The gentleman replied, "I am sorry to say I can do nothing for you, as the Yankees have been here and cleaned me out."

Things looked very blue, as darkness had set in and they were in a strange country, but the Captain fell back to his men and held a "council of war." One of the men said, "Let me try my luck." He rode up to the gentleman, called him by name, and introduced himself. After a short conversation, the gentleman asked, "What name did you say?" and as the private repeated it, turned to a little boy, who had been awakened and was a listener during all the parley, and said, "Jim, run to the house and tell Bettie that Bob has come at last." Then he invited the party in, and no soldier ever had better supper, bed or breakfast. The horses fared as well, being knee deep in hay all night. Nothing was too good for the crowd, and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

HOW THE SOLDIERS ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

On the march to Gettysburg, when Longstreet's troops were passing through one of the gaps of the Blue Ridge, Colonel

R. F. Withers' regiment, the Eighteenth Virginia Infantry, halted near a fine mansion on the road.

An old Virginia gentleman, dressed in fine style, with silk-hat, etc., rode down to the road with his daughter.

A wag in one of the companies cried out in a loud voice, "Say, mister, I hear you have lost a fine cow?" The old gentleman answered, "Yes, a very fine one, but tell me how in the world did you hear of it?" The wag replied, "O, I heard it." The old gentleman asked again, "Well, tell me how you did hear it." "I see you have the churn on your head, and I knew by that you had lost her," said the wag. The gentleman turned off with an oath, and said, "You dirty scoundrel!" That was fun for the whole line, and from one end to the other you could hear the laughter.

HOW I LOST THREE DAYS' RATIONS FOR THE COMPANY.

When General Grant crossed the Rapidan and took up his line of march for Richmond, in May, 1864, Wickham's brigade of cavalry struck out over the Spotsylvania Courthouse road to guard the left of General Lee's line. We met General Grant's cavalry protecting his right, near Todd's Tavern. We skirmished with them several days.

On Sunday morning, May 8th, about day, our whole brigade was ordered out to strengthen the picket near Todd's Tavern. As soon as we got in position we commenced fighting. We were dismounted, and lay in the edge of a wood near an old field. We thought we were fighting cavalry. As they would emerge from the wood on the opposite side, we would pour such a volley into them that they would retreat. This was kept up for some time.

Soon the enemy's infantry column came through the woods at a double-quick, flags flying. We would pour volley after volley into them, shot and shell; the column would fall back, gather fresh courage and come again.

We continued this for an hour or two, the same terrible fighting, for we were holding the key to General Lee's position.

The Confederate infantry relieved us, and the cavalry were sent further to the left.

That night General Stuart received information that while we were fighting the infantry, General Sheridan was getting ready to make a raid on Richmond, the Capital of the Confederacy. Next day Stuart set out to intercept him.

When near Beaver Dam, on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, while my regiment was in bivouac, the orders came for each company to detail a man to go after rations for the company. It fell to my lot to be the man to go from our company. After getting the rations, our company's part was three pieces of the finest, nicest bacon, something we liked, and wanted, and hadn't had for a long time. I had it in a bag, and just as I reached the regiment, and before I had time to divide out the rations, orders came: "Form fours! Forward, march!"

We hadn't marched ten minutes before we heard the keen, sharp voice of the Colonel say, "Draw sabre!"

I was marching near the head of my company and on the flank. One of my comrades said to me, "You are on detail, and out of the fight to-day, lend me your sabre."

Just at that time I heard the word come down the line, "Charge!" I could not see my company go in, and I not be there. I said to myself, "I'll pitch these rations right over the fence, here, and get them after the fight." Quick as thought, over the fence the rations went.

We struck a regiment of United States regulars, in command of the brave Custer, and such fighting—phew!—for a while there never was seen.

It was in a woods and between two fences—a narrow lane. We had our sabres drawn, and the Federals their carbines. Horses and men were falling pell-mell. My horse was shot down; I ran out one side.

The Federals retreated. I ran back to find the rations, and they were gone.

I gathered up the wounded and dead of both sides, established a field-hospital, buried the Confederate and Federal dead, and had the wounded of both sides attended to.

Meantime the company had gone on after the enemy with many anathemas on me for causing them to starve for meat three days.

After transferring the "blue and the gray" wounded to the reception hospital at Gordonsville, I turned my face towards my regiment, and, when I found my command, many of the brave boys I parted with at Beaver Dam had given their lives for what they believed was right.

A NIGHT CHARGE.

When General Hooker crossed the Rapidan and established himself at Chancellorsville, our brigade watched the flank of his movements from Culpeper to the Wilderness.

As we were moving by Todd's Tavern road in the Wilderness, General Stuart and staff were in advance. When he reached Todd's Tavern with his staff, he saw a squad of Federal cavalry. Thinking they were not many, he charged them with only his staff, but the enemy let him know that they had more than that little squad, and he had to fall back.

He sent the Fifth Virginia Regiment after them. It came back a little worse off than it went. He then sent the Third Virginia in, and that had to come back.

Darkness was now coming on. General Stuart sent for the Second Virginia, my regiment, and it was said that he remarked to the general of brigade, "If the Second don't take them out of there we'll have to camp around here to-night."

Then came the Colonel's ringing voice, "Attention, regiment! Form fours, forward!" "There was forest to right of them, forest to left of them; down the dark road rode the six hundred," resolved to clear them out or none would come back to tell the tale. At the head of the regiment rode the brave Colonel Watts.

It was dark as pitch. It was not long before we heard a sound: "Halt!"

The Colonel challenged: "What regiment is that?"

Answer came: "The Sixth New York."

The Colonel said: "You had better get away from here, or we will drive you away."

In answer to that came a pistol-shot, and then the word went down our line, "Forward, charge!" The Confederate

yell that went up from the Second Regiment was such, I suppose, that the Sixth New York thought the woods was full.

We wounded the officer commanding the Federal Regiment, captured a great many prisoners, and cleared the woods.

“When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Second Virginia,
Noble six hundred!”

The brigade passed through, and General Stuart reported at General Lee's headquarters.

I have heard soldiers say that they liked night fighting—none of it for me, for that night the rear of the Second and the advance of the First, that had gone around by another road, came together and went to work, and the mistake was not found out till one of the First Regiment was captured.

Many and many a day old comrades have laughed over that night charge and fight. One fellow in our company couldn't manage his horse, and he ran him into a grape-vine and had to be extricated.

These things are pleasant things to write and read about now, but they were terrible when enacted.

HOW I WAS SCARED OUT OF MY WITS ON A PICKET.

When General Banks retreated before General Jackson in the Valley of Virginia, across the Potomac, General Jackson followed him to that river.

Our company was sent to the northwest of Martinsburg, to the North Mountain depot, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, on a picket. In the company were several courthouse bullies and camp pugilists that could whip anything that came around on court green or in camp, but as soldiers they were the greatest cowards that ever carried a sabre. It was my fortune to be on picket with one of these fellows.

A picket post out in a wild country, at twelve o'clock at night, is the loneliest and most desolate place that can be found on earth.

One night about twelve o'clock, on picket at North Moun-

tain depot, I was sitting on my horse ; my comrade, the bully I am speaking about, was sitting on the ground holding his horse. It was at a time when we were expecting every minute to hear the enemy coming.

Suddenly, in our rear, there broke out the most terrible jingling of chains and the greatest noise that, as I thought, I had ever heard.

We were sure a large body of cavalry were upon us, and the fellow on the ground, almost scared to death, sprang up and scrambled into his saddle, while I sat there shaking like a leaf. Just then a dog rushed through the bushes with a howl, dragging a block of wood with a chain to it—that solved the mystery and we quieted down.

While our company was on picket at North Mountain depot, we used to have splendid times with the Union ladies there—the people around there were nearly all for the Union. They used to hit us some hard licks, and we would hit them back—all done pleasantly.

As the Federal army again advanced up the Valley we bade farewell to North Mountain depot.

Years have come and gone since then, but that night on picket is as fresh in my mind as it was the day after it happened.

HOW "HEART BUSTER" GETS A DINNER FOR TWO COMRADES AND HIMSELF.

When Sheridan reported that he had swept the Valley of Virginia so that "a crow flying across it would have to carry his rations with him," there lived near Fisher's Hill a family by the name of Wood.

The Second Regiment was on duty near Strasburg, and "Jim Tige," "Neely" and "Heart Buster" were on their way down the Valley to join their command. Something to eat was always in a soldier's thoughts, so "Heart Buster" said : "I have a friend near here, and if there is anything in her house, I'll bet she will give it to us."

He left his comrades at the road and galloped up to Mr. Wood's, dismounted, and knocked at the door. Mrs. Wood

met him, saw who it was, gave him a cordial greeting, and took him into the house. The family were called in to greet him; also the cook, and she said, "Missus, you know you said if ever this soldier come here again you were going to make him write his name in the family Bible, with your children."

The boys at the road began to grow tired, as "Heart Buster" had been absent so long, so "Neely" went up to the house to see what was the matter; he crept up to the window and peeped in, and there, in the middle of the floor, sat "The Heart Buster," with the Bible open in his lap. "Neely" crept slowly back and reported to "Jim Tige" that "'Heart Buster' is up yonder at the house, holding family prayers!"

Soon "Heart Buster" appeared at the door and beckoned to the boys to ride up, and what a dinner they did get!

This was one time that Sheridan's word was not true, for the boys certainly did eat more than many crows could carry.

Not family prayers, but winning manners and pleasant words, won for those boys that dinner. In that trio, in those days, "Jim Tige" was the only praying man. Brave soldier then, he is now a bright spirit in Heaven.

THREE YOUNG SOLDIERS.

In looking over the roll of the old Home Guard, Company G, Eleventh Virginia Infantry, I see the name of Robert Calhoun.

In the days prior to the war, he and I used to have many an argument. He being an out and out secessionist and I a Unionist, we would get so hot sometimes we would almost come to blows, defending our side of the question.

At last one day I said, "Bob, suppose you and I say no more on that subject; if the war comes, I know you will go and do your duty, and you will find me right there trying to do mine, though our views differ in regard to the war."

The war came and we were both found in it. Bob gave his life for his country and I was spared, though often since then I have thought I would have thanked my God for the Angel of Death to have given me the peace of some one of my many comrades who fell by my side.

I also see the name of Charlie Terry, a brave and gallant

fellow, who gave his life for his country's cause in the battles around Richmond.

In the old days of excitement, when the troops were drilling and getting ready, the boys would get on high-horses and have a gay time.

Charlie had a misunderstanding with the Hon. Camm Patterson, of Buckingham, a young and gallant soldier in those days. At that time, when a quarrel took place between two gentlemen, a fight or make-up was sure to follow. I saw their first meeting after the quarrel; Charlie Terry was coming from Ninth street, up Main, Camm Patterson was coming from Tenth, down Main, and they met in front of Strother Sons' drug store. I shall never forget that meeting. Camm drew himself up and said, "Give me your hand; I cannot fight a man who wears the Confederate gray." Charlie extended his hand and peace was restored.

HOW A SOLDIER DRINKS A MINT JULIP INTENDED FOR GEN. LEE.

When the army was returning from Petersburg there were a good many sick men in the Rockbridge Artillery. Two young soldiers were detailed to take care of them, and get them to Farmville if they could. They arrived in Farmville a few hours before the retreating army, and placed their sick comrades in the hospital.

One of the young soldiers went to a good lady's house, wearied and broken down, and asked permission to take a nap on the porch. She told him if he would go up stairs, he would find a cot on which he could rest quietly, as she expected the house would be filled with soldiers in a short time.

That evening he was awakened by hearing voices in the adjoining room. The door was open between the rooms, and he heard a voice say, "My men have not treated me right, they have straggled too much." The young soldier crept up to the door and peeped through, and there sat General Lee, talking with an officer. A table was between them, and on it was a glass filled with one of the finest mint julips, a straw tube sticking in it, and just in the centre a large strawberry.

The young soldier thought it was the most beautiful sight he had ever gazed upon.

He softly crept back to his cot and went to sleep again, and when he awoke everything was quiet up stairs, but all was bustle and confusion below. He went into the room where he had seen General Lee sitting, but he and his staff were gone, and there, on the table, was that mint julip, just as he had seen it before! He looked to the right and he looked to the left, and then marched straight to the julip, and drained the glass to its very bottom! After wiping his mouth he went down stairs, and to this day that good lady does not know that General Lee did not drink that julip. That young soldier is now an eminent divine in one of the great denominations.

HOW "HEART BUSTER" GETS SOMETHING TO EAT.

When General Lee's army invaded Pennsylvania, the most stringent orders were given; forbidding deprivation on private property, and these orders were faithfully executed.

In passing through one of the towns, the Second Regiment halted on the street. "Heart Buster" was orderly-sergeant of Company E, and dismounted at a yard gate to rest his horse. "Long Jimmy" said, "'Heart Buster,' why don't you get some of those nice cherries up there, by the gate?" "Heart Buster" replied, "Don't you know it is against orders, and do you suppose I want to be shot for stealing those cherries?"

The lady, in front of whose house the company halted, was standing in the door, looking on, and said, "You all had better be at home." "Heart Buster" said, "Madam, I wish I was at home; if it was left to me I would be there, sitting by my best girl, and I would not be so hungry. I tell you, madam, those cherries do look splendid, and I am so hungry."

The lady commenced to smile, and "Long Jimmy" called out to the boys, "'Heart Buster' has won her—see, she is smiling!" The lady said, "When did you have anything to eat?" "Heart Buster" replied, "I haven't eaten anything since yesterday morning." She went into the house and brought out first class rations, then sent a boy up the cherry tree and filled "Heart Buster's" haversack with cherries. She

smilingly said, "I hope you will be captured by our people, but if you should be wounded near here try to get back to my house, and I'll take care of you."

HOW TWO SOLDIERS GOT A BREAKFAST.

A column of infantry was marching along a highway, when two soldiers in the rear saw a nice looking farm house. One of them said, "I can get some grub at that house." The other replied, "No, those ahead have eaten them out." "Well, I'll show you," said the first soldier. Up he marches and says to the lady of the house, "Mistress, will you lend me your shovel?" She answered, "Why, what do you want with it?" "I want to bury my brother." "Is your brother dead?" "No, but he will die if he dont get something to eat." She then said, "Come in and let me fix you up something so you can take it to him."



CHAPTER XVIII.

A VIRGINIA VOLUNTEER.

Way down upon Manassas plains
My wandering footsteps led,
The leaves lay thick beneath my feet,
The trees sighed over head.
The trace of many rifle pits
Lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path
I saw a soldier's grave.

Wild flowers wrestled with the weed
Upon his little mound,
The simple head-board, plainly marked,
Had fallen to the ground.
I raised it with a tender hand,
From dirt its words to clear,
But time had blotted all but these,
"A Virginia Volunteer."

I saw the lizards and the toads
Leap from their hidden nests
And hide themselves among the weeds
Above this soldier's breast ;
Yet undisturbed from sleep profound,
Unheeding, there he lay,
His coffin but Manassas soil,
His shroud Confederate Gray.

I heard the little river roll
Along the vale below,
I saw the woods, a mile away,
Where we first met the foe.
The Manassas rout then rose to mind,
Our leader's name, and then
I knew the soldier had been one
Of Robert Lee's brave men.

Yet whence he came no lip can say,
No tongue can ever tell
What desolated home and hearts
Has been because he fell.
What sad-eyed maiden weeps alone

And parts the raven hair,
One lock of which, perhaps, lies with
The Virginia Volunteer ?

What mother and what sister dear
Have watched each setting sun,
And waited patiently each day
For their brave boy to come.
The boy whose honored grave swells up,
But one of many a scar,
Cut on the face of Manassas fields
By cruel, unjust war.

The fights he fought, the scars he wore,
Are all unknown to fame,
For on the board I could not trace
This brave Virginian's name.
Yet he fought well, and bravely, too,
And held his country dear,
Or else he never could have been
A Virginia Volunteer.

He sleeps, what need to question now
If he was wrong or right ?
He knows by now whose cause was just
In God, the Father's sight.
He wields no sword or musket now,
Returns no foeman's thrust ;
Who but a coward would revile
A brave Virginian's dust ?

Roll, little river, proudly roll,
Adown thy rocky glen,
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Robert Lee's brave men.
Beneath the willows and the oak
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
A Virginia Volunteer.

—W. B. JONES.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT I SAW OF THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

Twenty-nine years ago, the 19th day of September, 1894, the great battle of Winchester, between Early and Sheridan, was fought; and, reader, it was a battle. Just imagine forty-five thousand well equipped Union soldiers of all arms, coming against twelve thousand half-fed, half-armed, yet brave and determined men—infantry, cavalry and artillery.

Wickham's brigade of cavalry was bivouacked near Kernstown. They were notified at dawn that the battle would begin, and at a gallop went to the left of Ramseur's division, on the Opequan river, and held that position until relieved by Rode's division, and were then sent to the right of Ramseur's to strengthen that part of the line.

A battery of artillery under charge of Major Kirkpatrick, of Lynchburg, Virginia, was doing great service by pouring shot and shell into the ranks of the enemy. Never did I see a battery hold its position against such odds, nor do better service!

Just then a courier came dashing across the field, reporting that the Union cavalry were turning the left flank of the army. Orders came to the grand old brigade of Wickham's cavalry to rescue the position. In we went with a dash, over fields and roads, without a thought but to save our country and our army, and soon rescued the position, drove the enemy away and held that part of the line. From my position that evening, looking over the field of battle, I could see the whole soldiery of all the forces—could see our thin Confederate lines, from right to left, for more than two miles. From the position that Wickham's cavalry occupied, to the left of the infantry line, there was a gap of about half a mile, held by a small cavalry regiment. How I wished our "left bower"—Hampton's brigade—were with us to fill that place!

As I looked on I could see Sheridan's whole command. He

had changed his front, and was marching in line of battle, four deep, to attack Early's left. As the sun was slowly gliding toward the western horizon, the dark blue uniforms, brilliant bayonets, and gaudy flags presented a beautiful sight to the looker on. Away down on the Martinsburg pike you hear the cavalry bugle sounding for an advance; on they come; at that small cavalry regiment they make a dash, and soon overpower it. The left of the infantry is turned, and then, oh! then, comes that despairing cry, "The battle is lost!"

Yonder, to the right, just as the sun is sinking, can be seen infantry, artillery, ambulances, and wagons, all going pell-mell, getting out of the way. To the left is Wickham's old brigade, standing like a stone wall, waiting for the rear of the infantry to get out of the way, before throwing itself between the Confederate lines and Union cavalry. As darkness set in, the brigade took its place in the rear, for the protection of the army of 1864, as it had taken its place in the rear of Jackson's army in 1862, at the same city.

It may have been a mistake for that battle to have been fought, at that time and place, but that is not the question; no battle during the Civil War was more hotly contested, or fought at larger odds, than the battle of Winchester, by General Early.



CHAPTER XX.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER BOY.

"I'm shot down on the battle-field,"

Said a noble Lynchburg boy ;

"I am my mother's only son

And all her hopes and joy.

Take my parting message to her,

As my life is ebbing slow ;

Tell her when I fell in battle

That my face was to the foe.

"Tell her not to weep or sorrow,

When I moulder in the dust ;

That I fought for Southern honor,

And in Heaven now I trust.

Let her send to me her blessings,

While on the field I lie

And hear the brave old Eleventh yell

Their well-known battle-cry.

"Under Generals Lee and Jackson,

Brave soldiers had no fear ;

They always boldly faced the lead,

And sold their lives most dear.

They knew they were outnumbered

By great odds in every fight,

Yet what cared they for numbers

When they fought for Southern right ?

"I have fought in many battles,

Where great victories we have won,

And was with the gallant Eleventh

When they moved across Bull Run.

The foe was then retreating,

While great shells burst over head

Of many noble Southern boys

There counted with the dead.

"It is hard to die in darkness ;

Look ! I think I see a light !

They are searching for the wounded

And the killed here in this fight.

I hear them so tly whisper
And this is what they said :
' Old Lynchburg won great laurels
And will not forget her dead.'

" Brave comrade, now I'm dying,
Rest my head upon your breast ;
I' soon be with the angels
And my soul will be at rest.
Tell all the Southern Soldiers
And Confederates living still,
My spirit now will view them
In their dress-parade and drill."
—WM. B. JONES, Co. A, Eleventh Va. Infantry.



CHAPTER XXI.

A LOST CAUSE.

At "The Folly" there is a picture representing the Lost Cause, drawn with artistic skill. It represents a Confederate soldier returning to the home he had left four years before, when at that time it was a beautiful garden of happiness.

In thought he had pictured the beloved mother and fond sisters awaiting his return; as he comes down the big road to where the large gate stood when he left, he finds fence and gate gone and nothing left but the gate-post. Down yonder where the happy home once stood a dilapidated house meets his gaze, shutters and windows all gone, standing empty and alone. He walks up to the yard and finds that an utter ruin, and near by is a grave yard, tombstones fallen down, but on them he can find the names of the loved ones he left behind when he went to war.

This, kind reader, is no fancy sketch; many and many a desolate home, left by the hand of a ruthless invader, resembles this picture.

Read what Mr. Grady, of *The Atlanta Constitution*, so graphically describes:

"The following extract from the famous address delivered by the late Henry W. Grady before the New England Society of New York, on the occasion of its annual dinner in 1886, derives special interest and appropriateness from the associations of Memorial Day:

"Dr. Talmage has drawn for you with a master hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in

pathos, and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts that were as loving as ever welcomed heroes home.

“Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in 1865. Think of him, as, ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia’s hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

“What does he find? Let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find, in a welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years’ sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system—feudal in its magnificence—swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Without money credit, employment, material or training, and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

“What does he do, this Hero in Gray, with the heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from his trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands; with a patience and a heroism that fit women always as a garment they gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. ‘Bill Arp’ struck the keynote when he said: ‘Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and I’m going home to work.’”

CHAPTER XXII.

MY OLD RUSTY GUN.

(Written especially for the Hill City Franklin Band.—W. B. J.)

[Air—Annie Laurie.]

On the wall above my bedstead,
Hangs my old brass mounted gun,
That I carried to Manassas
In the year of sixty-one,
And the spiders, all unconscious
Of its power, upon it crawl,
And have webbed its locks and muzzle
To my knapsack on the wall.

CHORUS.

To my knapsack on the wall,
To my knapsack on the wall,
And have webbed its locks and muzzle
To my knapsack on the wall.

Could it speak, 'twould tell a story,
Of Lynchburgers brave and bold,
Of their long and weary marches,
Could that old gun true unfold
Tales of battles, tales of carnage
That would blanch the bravest cheek,
From Bull Run to Appomattox,
Could that rusty old gun speak.

CHORUS.

Could that rusty old gun speak,
Could that rusty old gun speak,
From Bull Run to Appomattox,
Could that rusty old gun speak.

Dear to me is that old weapon,
For it served me years ago;
Not a friend so true and faithful,
Helped me to meet the foe,
For it spoke, and to a purpose,
And fiery tales it told,
Swift and accurate was the message
From that gun so scarred and old.

CHORUS.

From that gun so scarred and old,
From that gun so scarred and old,
Swift and accurate was the message
From that gun so scarred and old.

Yes, I prize it. Do you blame me?
For we were Lynchburg chums.
Old and rusty, tried and trusty,
It beats your new style guns;
Old Confederates, dead and living,
It reminds me of you all,
For my elbows still touch with you
While it hangs upon my wall.

CHORUS.

While it hangs upon my wall,
While it hangs upon my wall,
For my elbows still touch with you
While it hangs upon my wall.

For it brings to me the faces
Of my school mates long ago,
Who faced the storms of battle
On a hundred fields or more.
And while it hangs so harmless
In cobwebs, dust and dirt,
No Lynchburg foe goes near it
For fear they will be hurt.

CHORUS.

For fear they will be hurt,
For fear they will be hurt,
No Lynchburg foe goes near it
For fear they will be hurt.

CHAPTER XXIII.

**STORIES OF THE WAR—BY “UNCLE REMUS”
AND OTHERS.**

Very often we hear the rising generation say: “Why do the old people have such a tender regard for the black race?” It is because that race was true and faithful to the families of the Confederate soldiers while they were away in the armies of the Confederacy. I copy from “Uncle Remus” a Southern story, which graphically describes the feeling of nine-tenths of the old family servants during the Civil War:

A STORY OF THE WAR.

When Miss Theodosia Huntingdon, of Burlington, Vermont, concluded to come South in 1870, she was moved by three considerations. In the first place, her brother, John Huntingdon, had become a citizen of Georgia—having astonished his acquaintances by marrying a young lady, the male members of whose family had achieved considerable distinction in the Confederate army; in the second place, she was anxious to explore a region which she almost unconsciously pictured to herself as remote and semi-barbarous; and, in the third place, her friends had persuaded her that to some extent she was an invalid. It was in vain that she argued with herself as to the propriety of undertaking the journey alone and unprotected, and she finally put an end to inward and outward doubts by informing herself and her friends, including John Huntingdon, her brother, who was practicing law in Atlanta, that she had decided to visit the South.

When, therefore, on the 12th of October, 1870—the date is duly recorded in one of Miss Theodosia’s letters—she alighted from the cars in Atlanta, in the midst of a great crowd, she fully expected to find her brother waiting to receive her. The bells of several locomotives were ringing, a number of trains were moving in and out, and the porters and baggage-men

were screaming and bawling to such an extent that for several moments Miss Huntingdon was considerably confused; so much so that she paused in the hope that her brother would suddenly appear and rescue her from the smoke, and dust, and din. At that moment some one touched her on the arm, and she heard a strong, half-confident, half-apologetic voice exclaim:

"Ain't dish yer Miss Doshy?"

Turning, Miss Theodosia saw at her side a tall, gray-haired negro. Elaborating the incident afterward to her friends, she was pleased to say that the appearance of the old man was somewhat picturesque. He stood towering above her, his hat in one hand, a carriage-whip in the other, and an expectant smile lighting up his rugged face. She remembered a name her brother had often used in his letters, and, with a woman's tact, she held out her hand, and said:

"Is this Uncle Remus?"

"Law, Miss Doshy! how you know de ole nigger? I know'd you by de faver; but how you know me?" And then, without waiting for a reply: "Miss Sally, she sick in bed, en Mars John, he bleedgd ter go in de country, en dey tuck'u sont me. I know'd you de minnit I laid eyes on you. Time I seed you, I say ter myse't, 'I lay dar's Miss Doshy,' en, sho nuff, dar you wuz. You ain't gun up yo' checks, is you? Kaze I'll git de trunk sont up by de 'spress waggin."

The next moment Uncle Remus was elbowing his way unceremoniously through the crowd, and, in a very short time, seated in the carriage, driven by the old man, Miss Huntingdon was whirling through the streets of Atlanta in the direction of her brother's home. She took advantage of the opportunity to study the old negro's face closely, her natural curiosity considerably sharpened by a knowledge of the fact that Uncle Remus had played an important part in her brother's history. The result of her observation must have been satisfactory, for presently she laughed, and said:

"Uncle Remus, you haven't told me how you knew me in that great crowd."

The old man chuckled, and gave the horses a gentle rap with the whip.

"Who? Me? I know'd you by de faver. Dat boy er Mars John's is de ve'y spit en immij un you. I'd a know'd you in New 'Leens, let 'lone down dar in de kyar-shed."

This was Miss Theodosia's introduction to Uncle Remus.

One Sunday afternoon, a few weeks after her arrival, the family were assembled in the piazza enjoying the mild weather. Mr. Huntingdon was reading a newspaper; his wife was crooning softly as she rocked the baby to sleep; and the little boy was endeavoring to show his Aunt Dosia the outlines of Kennesaw Mountain through the purple haze that hung like a wonderfully fashioned curtain in the sky, and almost obliterated the horizon. While they were thus engaged, Uncle Remus came around the corner of the house, talking to himself.

"Dey er too lazy to wuk," he was saying, "en dey specks hones' fokes fer ter stan' up en s'port um. I'm gwine down ter Putmon county, whar Mars Jeenis is—dat's w'at I'm gwine ter do."

"What's the matter, now, Uncle Remus?" inquired Mr. Huntingdon, folding up his newspaper.

"Nuthin 'tall, Mars John, 'ceppin deze yer sunshine niggers. Dey begs my terbacker, en borrys my tools, en steals my vittles, en hits dun come to dat pass dat I gotter pack up en go. I'm gwine down ter Putmon, dat's w'at."

Uncle Remus was accustomed to make this threat several times a day, but upon this occasion it seemed to remind Mr. Huntingdon of something.

"Very well," he said, "I'll come around and help you pack up, but before you go I want you to tell sister, here, how you went to war and fought for the Union. Remus was a famous warrior," he continued, turning to Miss Theodosia; "he volunteered for one day, and commanded an army of one. You know the story, but you have never heard Remus' version."

Uncle Remus shuffled around in an awkward, embarrassed way, scratched his head and looked uncomfortable.

"Miss Doshy ain't got no time fer ter set dar en year de ole nigger run on."

"Oh, yes, I have, Uncle Remus!" exclaimed the young lady; "plenty of time."

The upshot of it was that, after many ridiculous protests, Uncle Remus sat down on the steps, and proceeded to tell his story of the war. Miss Theodosia listened with great interest, but throughout it all she observed—and she was painfully conscious of the fact, as she afterwards admitted—that Uncle Remus spoke from the standpoint of a Southerner, and with the air of one who expected his hearers to thoroughly sympathize with him.

"Co'se," said Uncle Remus, addressing himself to Miss Theodosia, "you ain't bin to Putmon, en you dunner whar de Brad Slaughter place en Harmony Grove is, but Mars John en Miss Sally, dey been dar a time er two, en dey knows how de lan' lays. Well, den, it 'uz right 'long in dere whar Mars Jeems lived, en whar he live now. When de war come 'long, he wuz livin' dere longer Ole Miss en Miss Sally. Ole Miss 'us his ma, en Miss Sally dar 'us his sister. De war come des like I tell you, en marters sorter rock along same like dey allers did. It didn't strike me dat dey was enny war gwine on, en ef I hadn't sorter miss de nabers, en seed fokes gwine outer de way fer ter ax de news, I'd a 'lowd ter myse'f dat de war wuz 'way off 'mong some yuther country. But all dis time de fuss was gwine on, en Mars Jeems, he wuz des eachin' fer ter put in. Ole Miss en Miss Sally, dey tuk on so he didn't git off de fus' year, but bimeby news eome down dat times wuz gittin putty hot, en Mars Jeems, he got up, he did, en say he gotter go, en go he did. He got a overseer fer ter look atter de place, en he went en jined de army. En he 'uz a fighter, too, mon, Mars Jeems wuz. Many's en many's de time," continued the old man reflectively, "dat I hatter take en bresh dat boy on accouter his 'buzin' en beatin' dem yuther boys. He went off dar fer ter fight, en he fit. Ole Miss useter call me up Sunday en read w'at de papers say 'bout Mars Jeems, en it hope 'er up might'ly. I kin see 'er des like it 'uz yistiday.

"'Remus,' sez she, 'dish yer's w'at de papers say 'bout my baby,' en den she'd read out twell she couldn't read fer cryin'.

"Hit went on in dis way year in en year out, en dem wuz

lonesome times, sho's you bawn, Miss Doshy—lonesome times, sho. Hit got hotter en hotter in de war, en lonesomer en mo' lonesomer at home, en bimeby 'long come de conscrip' man, en he des everlas'nly scoop up Mars Jeems's overseer. W'en dis come 'bout, Ole Miss, she sout atter me en say, sez she :

“ ‘Remus, I ain't got no body fer ter look arter de place but you,’ sez she, en den I up'n en say, sez I :

“ ‘Missstiss, you kin des 'pen on de ole nigger.’

“ I wuz ole den, Miss Doshy—let 'lone w'at I is now, en you better b'leeve I bossed dem han's. I had dem niggers up en in de fiel' long 'fo' day, en de way dey did wuk wuz a caution. Ef dey didn't earnt der vittles dat season den I ain't name Remus. But dey wuz tuk keer un. Dey had plenty er cloze en plenty er grub, en dey wuz de fatter's niggers in de settlement.

“ Bimeby one day, Ole Miss, she call me up en say de Yankees done gone en tuk Atlanty—dish yer ve'y town; den present'y I hear dey wuz a marchin' on down todes Putmon, en, lo en beholes! one day, de fus news I know'd, Marse Jeems, he rid up wid a whole gang er men. He des stop long nuff fer ter change hosses en snatch a mouffle er sump'n ter eat, but 'fo' he rid off, he call me up en say, sez he :

“ ‘Daddy'—all Ole Miss's chilluns call me daddy—‘Daddy,’ he say, ‘pears like dere's gwineter be mighty rough times 'roun' yer. De Yankees, dey er done got ter Madison en Mounticellar, en 'twon't be many days 'fo' dey er down yer. 'Taint likely dey'll pester mother ner sister; but, daddy, ef de wus come to de wus, I speek you ter take keer un um,’ sezee.

“ Den I say, sez I: ‘How long you bin knowin' me, Mars Jeems?’ sez I.

“ ‘Sence I wuz a baby,’ sezee.

“ ‘Well, den, Mars Jeems,’ sez I, ‘you know'd 'twan't no use fer ter ax me ter take keer Ole Miss en Miss Sally.’

“ Den he tuk'n squoze my han' en jump on de filly I bin savin' fer him, en rid off. One time he tu'n 'roun' en look like he wanter say sump'n, but he des waf' his han'—so—en gallop on. I know'd den dat trouble was brewin'. Nigger dat knows he's gwinter git thumped kin sorter fix hisse'f, and I

tuk en fix up like de wuz gwinter come right in at de front gate. I tuk'n got all de cattle en hosses tergedder en driv um ter de fo'-mile place, en I tuk all de corn en fodder en w'eat, en put um in a crib out dar in de woods; en I bilt me a pen in de swamp, en dar I put de hogs. Den, w'en I fix all dis, I put on my Sunday cloze en groun' my axe. Two whole days I groun' dat axe. De grine-stone wuz in sight er de gate en close ter de big 'ouse, en dar I tuk my stan'.

"Bimeby one day, yer come de Yankees. Two un um come fus' en den de whole face er de yeath swawm'd wid um. De fus' glimpse I kotch un um, I tuk my axe en march inter Ole Miss settin'-room. She dun had de sidebode move in dar, en I wish I may drap ef twuzn't fa'rly blazin' wid silver—silver cups en sassers, silver plates en silver dishes, silver mugs en silver pitchers. Look like ter me dey wuz fixin' fer a weddin'. Dar sot Ole Miss des ez prim en ez proud ez ef she own de whole country. Dis kinder hope me up, kaze I done seed Ole Miss look dat away once befo', w'en de overseer struck me in de face wid a w'ip. I sot down by de fire wid my axe 'tween my knees. Dar we sot w'ile de Yankees ransack de place. Miss Sally, dar, she got sorter restless, but Old Miss didn't skasely bat 'er eyes. Bimeby, we hear steps on de peazzer. en yer come a couple er young fellers wid strops on der shoulders, en der sodes a draggin' on de flo', en der spurrers a rattlin'. I won't say I wuz skeer'd," said Uncle Remus, as though endeavoring to recall something he failed to remember, "I won't say I wuz skeer'd, kaze I wuzn't, but I wuz tuk'n wid a mighty funny feelin' in de naberhoob er de gizzard. Dey wuz mighty perlite, dem young chaps wuz, but Ole Miss, she never tu'n 'er head, en Miss Sally, she look straight at de fire. Bimeby one un um see me, en he say, sezee:

"'Hello, ole man, w'at you dloin' in yer?' sezee.

"'Well, boss,' sez I, 'I bin cuttin' some wood fer Ole Miss, en I des stop fer ter wom my han's a little,' sez I.

"'Hit is cole, dat's a fack,' sezee.

"Wid dat I got up en tuk my stan' behine Ole Miss en Miss Sally, en de man w'at speak, he went up en wom his han's. Fus' thing you know, he raise up sudden, en say, sezee:

“ ‘ W’at dat on yo’ axe ?’

“ ‘ Dat’s de fier shinin’ on it,’ sez I.

“ ‘ Hit look like blood,’ sezee, en den he laft.

“ But, bless yo’ soul, dat man wouldn’t never laft dat day ef he’d know’d de wukkins er Remus’s mine. But dey didn’t bodder nobody ner tech nuthin’, en bimeby dey put out. Well, de Yankees, dey kep’ passin’ all de mawnin’, en it look like ter me dey wuz a string un um ten mile long. Den dey commence gittin’ thinner en thinner, en den atter w’ile we hear skirmishin’ in de naberhood er Armer’s fe’y, en Ole Miss ’low how dat wuz Wheeler’s men makin’ persoot. Mars Jeems wuz wid dem Wheeler fellers, en I know’d ef dey wuz dat close I wa’n’t doin’ no good settin’ ’roun’ de ’ouse toas’n my shins at de fier, so I des tuk Mars Jeems’s rifle fum behine de do’ en put out ter look atter my stock.

“ Seem like I ain’t see no raw day like dat, needer befo’ ner sence. Dey wa’n’t no rain, but de wet des sifted down; mighty raw day. De leaves on de groun’ ’uz so wet dey don’t make no fuss, en I got in de woods, en w’enever I hear de Yankees gwine by, I des stop in my tracks en let um pass. I wuz stan’in’ dat away in de aidge er de woods lookin’ out cross a clearin’, when—piff!—out come a little bunch er blue smoke fum de top er wunner dem big, lonesome-lookin’ pines, en den—pow!

“ Sez I to myse’f, sez I: ‘ Honey, youer right on my route, en I’ll des see w’at kinder bird you got roostin’ in you,’ en w’iles I wuz a lookin’, out bus’ de smoke—piff!—en den—bang! Wid dat I des drap back inter de woods, en sorter skeerted ’roun’ so’s to git de tree ’twix me en de road. I slid up putty close, en wadder you speck I see? Des ez sho’s youer settin’ dar lissenin’ dey wuz a live Yankee up dar in dat tree, en he wuz a loadin’ en a shootin’ at de boys des ez cool ez a cowcumber in de jew, en he had his hoss hitch out in de bushes, kaze I year de creetur tromplin’ ’roun’. He had a spy-glass up dar, en w’iles I wuz a watchin’ un ’im, he raise ’er up en look thoo ’er, en den he lay ’er down en fix his gun fer ter shoot. I had good eyes in dem days, ef I ain’t got um now, en way up de big road I see Mars Jeems a comin’. Hit wuz too

fur fer ter see his face, but I know'd 'im by de filly w'at I raise fer 'im, en she wuz a prancin' like a school-gal. I know'd dat man wuz gwinter shoot Mars Jeems ef he could, en dat wuz mo'n I could stan'. Manys en manys de time dat I nuss dat boy, en hilt 'im in dese arms, en toted 'im on dis back, en w'en I see dat Yankee lay dat gun 'cross a lim' en take aim at Mars Jeems I up wid my ole rifle en shet my eyes en let de man have all she had."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Miss Theodosia indignantly, "that you shot the Union soldier, when you knew he was fighting for your freedom?"

"Co'se, I know all 'bout dat," responded Uncle Remus, "en it sorter made cole chills run up my back, but w'en I see dat man take aim, en Mars Jeems gwine home ter Ole Miss en Miss Sallie, I des disremembered all 'bout freedom en lanimed aloose. En den atter dat, me en Miss Sally tuk en nuss de man right along. He los' one arm in dat tree bizness, but nie en Miss Sally, we nuss 'im en we nuss 'im twell he done got well. Des 'bout dat time I quit nuss'n 'im, but Miss Sally, she kep' on. She kep' on," continued Uncle Remus, pointing to Mr. Huntingdon, "en now dar he is."

"But you cost him an arm," exclaimed Miss Theodosia.

"I gin 'im dem," said Uncle Remus, pointing to Mrs. Huntingdon, "en I gin 'im dese," holding up his own brawny arms. "En ef dem ain't nuff fer enny man den I done los' de way."

A FAITHFUL DARKEY—HE WAS TORTURED IN VAIN BY THE YANKEES.

Charleston, (S. C.,) Correspondent *Springfield Republican*:—As I stood, by invitation of Captain Chichester, of the Seminole, abaft the pilot-house, it was my good luck to interview a somewhat famous character, our pilot, "Uncle Dan." He is a dark mulatto, of erect and stalwart form; his strong features are marked by keen intelligence, his blue uniform is scrupulously neat, his shoes are brightly polished, his bearing graceful and polite, his words well chosen, but with no tinge of forwardness or self-conceit. A thoroughbred seaman, he began his education before the mast of a ship sailing to foreign ports.

For more than forty years he has been celebrated as one of the most skillful pilots in Southern waters. Born a slave, he was sold from Alexandria, Virginia, to a citizen of New Orleans, when about twenty, soon sold again for eight hundred dollars to Captain Coxetter, who commanded a barge plying between New Orleans and Vera Cruz.

He became a pilot in large and varied service until the breaking out of the Civil War, assisted his master in fitting up the Confederate privateer, "Jeff Davis," went to sea in her, was largely employed by the Confederate government as a pilot, assisted in fortifying the South Carolina inlets, took part in the battle of Port Royal, bore arms at Fort Sumpter in preventing the reinforcement of Major Anderson, made many trips under the command of his master to Nassau and Bermuda, in running the blockade, and was a faithful supporter of the Confederacy all through. His master had most implicit confidence in his judgment, and often asked his opinion of the result of the war. Dan would always reply: "We'll be overpowered, but not whipped." He was quite broken-hearted when his master died. Soon after that, during Sherman's march to the sea, a Federal cavalry officer who knew that Captain Coxetter left many valuables in possession of the family and was well assured that Dan knew where they were hid, ordered him to deliver them. Dan stoutly refused, and after a rope had been tied around his neck, and he had been swung up and down till nearly dead, he still refused, and, with the hottest curses he could utter, told them to hang him. But his wife, who alone shared with him the secret, revealed it in time to save his life. This is but one of ten thousand instances, only less conspicuous, of the wonderful fidelity of the negro during the stress of the Civil War, and it should weigh greatly to his advantage in any fair consideration of the race problem.

GENERAL EARLY'S ESCAPE—HOW HE WAS AIDED BY A FAITHFUL
OLD DARKEY AFTER THE SURRENDER.

[From Philadelphia Times.]

"During the latter part of April, 1865," once said General

Jubal Early, "when I was hiding from the Union troops, I spent several days at Colonel Marshall Hairston's, three miles north of Martinsville, in Henry county, Virginia, where I was entertained with much distinction, being assigned, for the most part, the 'uppermost room' in the house, namely, the garret. One morning while I was thus domiciled, a party of Federals rode into the yard and inquired of old Surry, a favorite servant of Colonel Hairston, if General Early were not concealed somewhere about the premises.

"'He was here, marsters,' replied Surry, 'but dis mornin' he git orn he horse an' ride out dat a way, (pointing down a road running due north.) He ain't got much of a horse, dough, an' ef you all fas', you ken ketch 'im yet.'

"A moment after there was a knock at the door of my sky-parlor and Surry presented himself.

"'Mars Jubal,' he said, 'you done made a mighty close shave; de soldiers is bin here 'quirin' 'bout you, en I sent em norf. Now, you git orn your horse an' ride quick as you ken to de souf, an' you'll git away fom 'em.'

"Acting upon Surry's advice, I mounted my nag and traveled for several days in a southerly direction, arriving finally one evening at a little village in Arkansas, where I put up at a tavern for the night, registering as John H. Anderson. While sitting in the office a young man stepped up to me, saying:

"'Your face is very familiar to me; haven't I met you somewhere?'

"'No,' I said, 'I don't think it likely you have. I have no recollection of having seen you before.'

"The young man didn't seem to be satisfied, however, but hung about, repeating the assertion that my face was strangely familiar to him. Turning to him at last, I said:

"'If you are right in supposing you have met me, at what place did the meeting occur?'

"He was thoughtful for a moment.

"'If I have seen you at all,' he said at last, 'it was at a little place called Rocky Mount, in Franklin county, Virginia.'

"I was thunderstruck, and retired to the porch to regain my composure. Scarcely had I gotten there, however, when the

young man followed me, and seizing me by the hand, exclaimed:

“ ‘Why, General Early, how are you? I am delighted to meet you again!’ ”

“ ‘He turned out to be the son of a friend of mine who had formerly lived in Franklin county, and having left Virginia for the West while still a boy, had outgrown my recollection. He proved a very valuable ally, too, and, piloting me through the Federal lines, enabled me to make my escape.

GILBERTA S. WHITTLE.



CHAPTER XXIV.

WARRIORS TALK.

This chapter was copied from the *Lynchburg News*, who copied it from the *Washington Post*.

The question whether a brave soldier experiences the sensation of fear is one on which there is great diversity of opinion. It would certainly seem that there was far greater merit in facing a danger from a sense of duty, where one realizes the péril, than a stolidity of feeling incapable of appreciating danger. Every one recalls the story of the great French marshal who, when about to mount his horse before a battle, noticed his legs shaking with fear. Gazing scornfully upon them, he is said to have remarked, "Oh, legs, if you knew where I was going to take you, you'd be shaking worse than that," and then rode forth to mingle in the charge. No one can doubt but that his courage was of the highest order.

Yet no authority can have more weight than the statement of warriors themselves; and here are the opinions of many of our famous Southern fighters. General Jubal Early, whose bravery has made his name illustrious, says:

"In response to the inquiry, 'Is fear in a soldier cowardice?' I would say that while cowardice is the result of excessive fear, it does not follow that fear is always cowardice.

"We are told in the Bible, Psalms cxi:10, and in several other places, that 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' That, of course, is not cowardice.

Fear is a word that has a variety of definitions—among them being 'anxiety,' 'solicitude,' 'reverential regard,' and 'respect mingled with awe.' Viewing it in the sense of apprehension of danger, I do not know how I can better express my opinion on the subject than by referring to the adjective 'brave' in Worcester's dictionary. In defining it he quotes from the Scotch poetess, J. Baillie, as follows:

"'The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
But he whose noble soul no fear subdues.'

"From my own experience and observation I can say that the bravest soldier in action is never without fear or apprehension of danger, but he encounters that danger without shrinking.

"It follows, therefore, that fear is not always cowardice in a soldier.

"J. A. EARLY.

Lynchburg, Va."

General Bradley T. Johnston who, under the immortal Jackson, won unfading laurels for himself, writes :

"The question, 'Is fear in a soldier cowardice?' answers itself in the definition. Fear, as I understand it, is the physical shrinking from physical struggle with opposing physical force. Cowardice is the refusal of the physical and intellectual nature of man to face opposition, either physical or intellectual.

"Fear is controllable by superior will either of the man himself or of another who, for the time, dominates and directs him. Cowardice is uncontrollable. Both cowardice and fear are physical as well as moral conditions.

"Some men are unconscious of fear—they are actually unaware of what danger is, and in the real *gaudium certaminis*, the joy of battle, they actually delight in the fierce excitement of the fight. I really believe that Major Jim Breathed, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, and Major Harry Critner would rather fight than eat. Stuart enjoyed battle, so did Stonewall Jackson, and my analysis of Lee was that when his blood was up—and the smell of gunpowder always fired him—he was as fierce as any far-off Norse ancestor.

"Though I know nothing personally of Grant, I am of the opinion that the scent of blood drove his pulse up. I know Hancock blazed all over with enthusiasm at the sound of the guns and the cheers of a charging line.

"I have no doubt that many men facing death have felt their flesh shrink and their nerves give way and were sorely afraid. But the pride of character, regard for the respect of those at home, and the presence and example of thousands around them, crushed out fear and made them as firm and self-controlled as the bravest.

"I do not recollect ever having seen a coward—that is, a man whose fear overcame his sense of duty, personal pride, and regard for reputation.

"I have seen lines of battle afraid, seen them waver in front of hostile batteries, seen them hesitate to meet the coming shock. But I have seen those very lines spring up at once animated by the brilliant example of personal dash of their commanding officer who, riding to the front, would swing his sabre above his head and shout, 'Follow me, men,' and the thousand men, who a moment before were afraid, were thrilled by the electric shock of enthusiasm and went forward with a rush that was irresistible.

"The best veterans have been seized with panic. When the nerves have been braced for hours the constant tension exhausts the endurance of human nature, and the most trivial incident will throw them off their balance, lose their self-control, and send them senseless into panic like a herd of buffalo.

"Napier records an incident of the Peninsular War. Sir John Moore's army, than whom more seasoned soldiers never bore musket, was resting by the roadside, and broke into utter confusion when a loose horse came galloping down the ranks.

"Fear is physical and intellectual dread; cowardice is fear uncontrollable.

"BRADLEY T. JOHNSTON."

General Fitzhugh Lee, ex-Governor of Virginia, who won his spurs under the eyes of his uncle, General Robert E. Lee, says:

"I would reply affirmatively to the question, 'Is fear in a soldier cowardice?'

"Fear is cowardice and cowardice is fear—both are painful apprehensions of danger. The meaning of both is to be afraid, and an absence of courage is implied in each.

"If a soldier is afraid to fight, he is deficient in courage. There are, however, two kinds of courage, the moral and the physical—the one obligatory in its nature, the other natural. I have often witnessed a display of both by officers and men where the skirmish lines of contending armies first opened a big battle. Some would be nervous, excited and pallid; others

stoical, tranquil and unconcerned. But after the skirmishers had been replaced by lines of battle, and the rattle of muskets and roar of cannon had drowned the first sputtering shots, while the combatants were shouting and men were falling and the battle was an accomplished fact, the delicious excitement—which General Dick Taylor said Stonewall always enjoyed on such occasions—would possess equally the one and the other, and no difference would be visible in their deeds of daring.

“FITZHUGH LEE.”

General L. L. Lomax, than whom braver man never drew sword, says:

“In reply to the question, ‘Is fear in a soldier cowardice?’ I would say, in my opinion, it is not. The best soldier is one who knows and fears the danger and marches boldly forward to meet it. I believe the excitement we saw in many on the field was a cloak for real cowardice, and if not successful in the first dash they often gave up. A brave soldier is cool and persevering under fire. Every intelligent and educated man fears the contest, but is by no means for that reason a coward.

“L. L. LOMAX.”

General Wright, a doughty warrior, now in contrall of the War Records office, expresses his opinion as follows:

“You ask me an answer to the question, ‘Is fear in a soldier cowardice?’ My division commander in the late Civil War, General B. F. Cheatham, who was a hero of two great wars, once said to me, ‘The man who says he goes into battle without fear, is either an idiot, a lunatic or a liar.’

“On the eve of an engagement, so far as my observation and experience go, there is always perceptible a fearful looking forward to the consequences. It is said of Tamerlane that on the eve of a battle he was heard to exclaim, ‘I wish I were a shepherd boy!’ I agree with General Cheatham that no sane man ever engaged in a battle without a sense of fear. But this fear is not the fear of a coward. The brave man is he who goes into battle with a full knowledge of its perils, which he wishes to escape, but willingly risks his life for his cause and country.

It is told of Governor (now Senator) Z. B. Vance that, being in a hotly contested engagement in the late Civil War, he saw a hare between the lines running for life, when he exclaimed, 'Go it Mollie White Tail. If I were not Governor of North Carolina, I would run, too.'

"MARCUS J. WRIGHT."

The following forcible sentiments are from the pen of a famous Southern cavalry general, who refuses to allow his name to appear :

"I fancy that every man will agree that fear is as universal and indispensable a quality as most others.

"Self preservation is the first law of nature. Solicitude for preservation is commonly called fear. Cowardice, I apprehend, is an entirely different thing. Cowardice is an unmanly submission to unworthy fear. You will find cowardice exhibited and well described in 'Measure for Measure.'

"Cæsar was afraid and cried out to Cassius, when he was sinking, to save him. Macbeth was frightened by the ghost of Banquo, but neither of them were cowards.

"I repeat that fear is a natural emotion, and only becomes cowardice when it is yielded to. Perhaps the highest courage is that which conquers fear, or which does its duty and shrinks from no peril, although the feeling of apprehension may be racking the human soul."

FEAR AND COWARDICE.

WASHINGTON POST:—I saw copied from your paper some days ago the opinions of general officers whether fear was cowardice. Let one of those who composed the great wall of defence between the Federal army and the "Lost Cause" give his opinion. Fear controlled by the will is not cowardice—all brave men fear—but let fear get the contrroll of the will and it becomes the most arrant cowardice. As illustration of what I say I relate an incident of a great battle between fear and will that took place with myself.

When General Grant was near Richmond he sent General Sheridan to make a connection with General Hunter, who was marching on Lynchburg, through the Valley of Virginia. Our

cavalry also struck out from Richmond to intercept General Sheridan.

Two nights before that time I had a dream that weighed on my mind, that just caused me a great deal of thought and depression. In my dream I thought the regiment was marching along the road. I saw a stately pine tree, whose majestic height reached heavenward, and just before the regiment reached this tree it broke in two and fell right across the road and a voice said to me, "That is just the way you'll be cut off."

All along the march to catch General Sheridan that dream haunted me. The first place we struck him was at Louisa Courthouse, where we got into a fight, and excitement drove the dream away.

That night it came back in all its vividness, and next day as we lay waiting for orders, it preyed on me with such strength I knew hardly what to do. In cavalry, when you dismount to fight on foot, the first, second and fourth men hand the reins to the third man, and he has to hold the horses. In forming the company that morning I counted second man, and I had made up my mind that day if we had to go into a fight that I'd get the third man to change with me and let me hold the horses.

About eleven o'clock orders came to come in the fight at Trevillian, on the right, under a charge. As we went in position at a charge, I never want to experience the feeling that I had that morning. As we neared the battle field we were halted right under fire of the enemy and dismounted. The thought came over me just then, what would they say at home if they heard I showed cowardice in the face of the enemy? In a second I made up my mind I'd go if I was killed, and in I went with the balance of that brave old regiment, and didn't get a scratch, and added my mite to the grandest cavalry fight of the war.

From that day to this I have always taken dreams by contraries.

R. B. STRATTON.

A NATION'S FLAG.

In my dining-room, at "The Folly," hanging on the wall is a picture that tells me of by-gone times. When I was permitted to look upon it with good eye-sight, it was a feast to my soul. A flag of a nation whose cause I loved and lost!

Near that flag hangs the picture of an artilleryman, who saw it float in defiance from Richmond to Cemetery Ridge in Pennsylvania; and two others near it, in the infantry service, who saw it float in triumph and splendor on the 18th and 21st of July, 1861, when it sent the soldiery and citizens howling back on Washington in mob-like disorder.

Further still to the left hangs the picture of a Confederate cavalryman, who marched under its proud folds in Jackson's advance when he made his grand march down the Valley of Virginia. He saw it float proudly in all Jackson's desperate fighting from Harper's Ferry to Port Republic, and wave in splendor at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and every other battle field in Virginia, with two exceptions, then saw it furled and folded forever without a stain upon its escutcheon.

FAREWELL TO THE FLAG.

Farewell, farewell to thee, glorious banner!

The hopes of a nation have followed thee long—

The blood of her slain, like the Heaven-sent manna,

O'ershadows the ground of her suffering and wrong.

Around thee have gathered the noblest and bravest

That ever for Freedom and Liberty bled,

And above thee once glistened the star of a Promise

As bright as the beams which the morning hath shed.

Farewell, farewell, faded emblem of glory,

Lost hope of a people God made to be free,

Thou'lt live yet, ennobled in song and in story,

When those that disowned thee, dishonored shall be.

Thou'lt live—aye, embalmed in the hearts, torn and bleeding,

That throbbed for thy triumph, and wept at thy fall,

And at last when proud Liberty leaps from her thralldom

The blood of thy martyrs will answer her call.

—CORNELIA J. M. JORDAN.

THE CONFEDERATE NOTE.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it,
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell
Of liberty born of the patriots' dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issue to-day our promise to pay,
Hoping to redeem on the morrow.
But days flew by, weeks became years,
Our coffers were empty still ;
Coin was so scarce our treasury'd quake
If a dollar would drop in the till.

We knew it had scarcely a value in gold,
Yet as gold the soldiers received it ;
It looked in our eyes a promise to pay,
And each patriot believed it.
But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned ;
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned,

But our boys thought little of prize or pay,
Or of bills that were over due ;
We knew if it bought us our bread to-day
'Twas the best our poor country could do.
Keep it, it tells our history over
From the birth of the dream to its last ;
Modest, and born of the Angel Hope,
Like our hope of success it passed.

FINIS.







